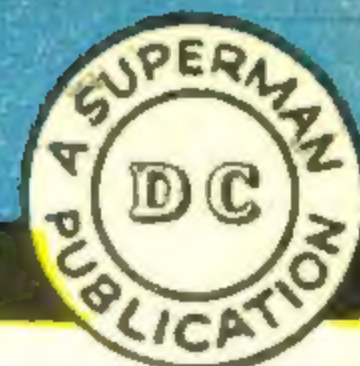




No. 107

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE



Detective

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

JAN.

COMICS

TEN
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WHO PERKS UP HIS
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- ON THE COVER OF
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Printed in U.S.A.



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -



HAVE YOU EVER HELD A CHUNK OF LEAD IN YOUR PALM AND WISHED WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT IT WAS A NUGGET OF GOLD? IF SUCH HAS BEEN THE CASE, YOU HAVE NOT BEEN ALONE. FOR THE POWER TO CHANGE BASE METALS INTO VALUABLE GOLD HAS BEEN THE WILD DREAM OF ALCHEMISTS FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS. AND NOW THIS FANCIFUL DREAM COMES TRUE, WHEN **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** MEET THEIR STRANGEST OPPONENT OF ALL TIME - SINISTER SCORPIO, PRACTITIONER OF THE BLACK ARTS, WHO BLENDS SCIENCE WITH SORCERY TO PRODUCE MIRACLES YOU WILL NEVER FORGET IN HIS WEIRD CASTLE ON-

"THE MOUNTAIN OF THE MOON!"

THE BANKERS' JOURNAL IS NOT ON DICK GRAYSON'S REGULAR READING LIST, BUT IT'S SIGNIFICANT THAT HE SHOULD BE READING IT AT THIS PARTICULAR MOMENT...

I THOUGHT BANKERS WERE HARD-HEADED BUSINESSMEN, BRUCE, BUT HERE'S AN ADVERTISER WHO SEEMS TO HAVE A DIFFERENT OPINION!

LET ME SEE.



SCORPIO! SO HE'S GETTING READY TO SET HIS CAP FOR MORE VICTIMS, NOW THAT HE'S RUINED GEORGE BYHAM, THE BANKER.



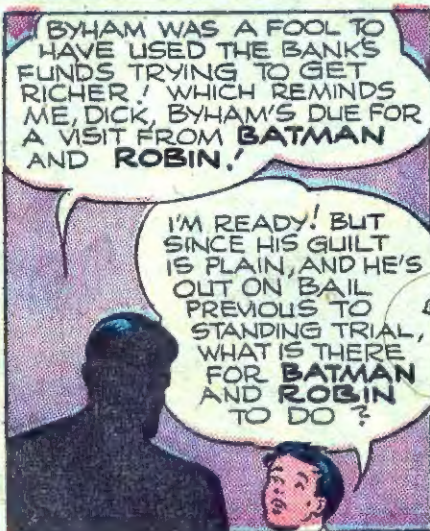
A CLEVER SCHEMER, THAT SCORPIO! PLAYS ON THE GREED OF RICH MEN WHO ARE SUPERSTITIOUS.

HE MUST BE CLEVER TO HAVE DUPED BYHAM!



BYHAM WAS A FOOL TO HAVE USED THE BANK'S FUNDS TRYING TO GET RICHER! WHICH REMINDS ME, DICK, BYHAM'S DUE FOR A VISIT FROM **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!

I'M READY! BUT SINCE HIS GUILT IS PLAIN, AND HE'S OUT ON BAIL PREVIOUS TO STANDING TRIAL, WHAT IS THERE FOR **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** TO DO?



I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE BYHAM BECAUSE HE MAY GIVE US A LEAD AS TO HOW WE CAN CATCH THAT SLIPPERY SCORPIO WITH THE GOODS!



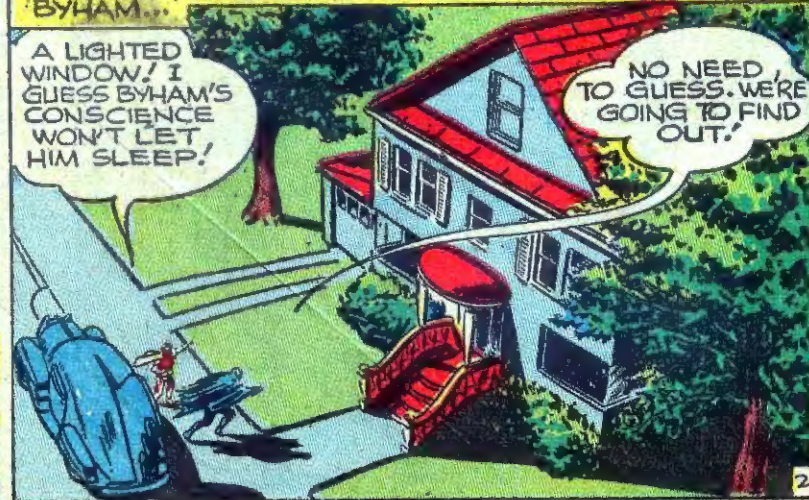
LATER... A UNIQUE CAR STREAKS THROUGH THE DARK STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY—THE **BATMOBILE**...

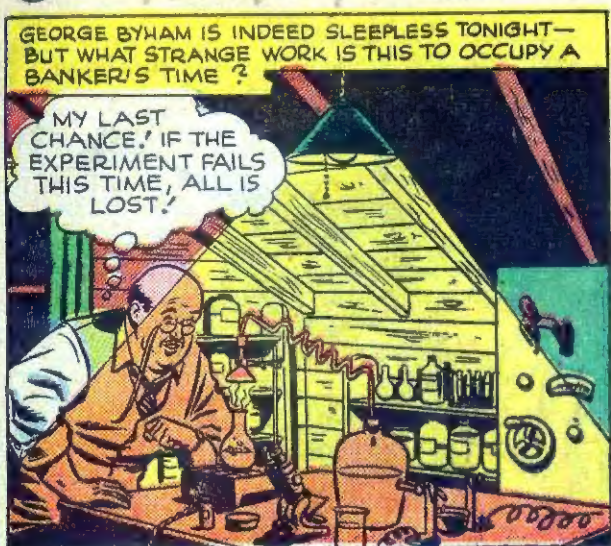


AND DRAWS UP BEFORE THE RESIDENCE OF GEORGE BYHAM...

A LIGHTED WINDOW! I GUESS BYHAM'S CONSCIENCE WON'T LET HIM SLEEP!

NO NEED TO GUESS. WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT!



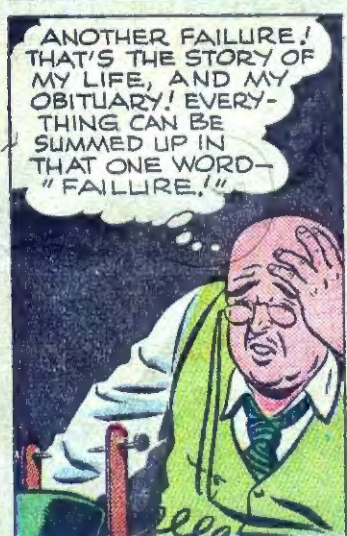


GEORGE BYHAM IS INDEED SLEEPLESS TONIGHT—
BUT WHAT STRANGE WORK IS THIS TO OCCUPY A
BANKER'S TIME ?

MY LAST
CHANCE, IF THE
EXPERIMENT FAILS
THIS TIME, ALL IS
LOST!



BUT IF IT SUCCEEDS, I SHALL
YET BE THE RICHEST AND
MOST POWERFUL MAN
IN THE WORLD, AND MY
NAME WILL ECHO THROUGH
THE AGES!



ANOTHER FAILURE!
THAT'S THE STORY OF
MY LIFE, AND MY
OBITUARY! EVERY-
THING CAN BE
SUMMED UP IN
THAT ONE WORD—
"FAILURE!"



BUT I CAN STILL ESCAPE
THE CROWNING INDIGNITY!
THEY CAN'T SEND ME TO
PRISON UNLESS I KEEP
ON LIVING!



IT'S THE ONLY WAY!
THERE'S NO UNDOING
WHAT I'VE DONE, AND
NO TIME TO START
LIFE OVER AGAIN!



SUDDENLY...

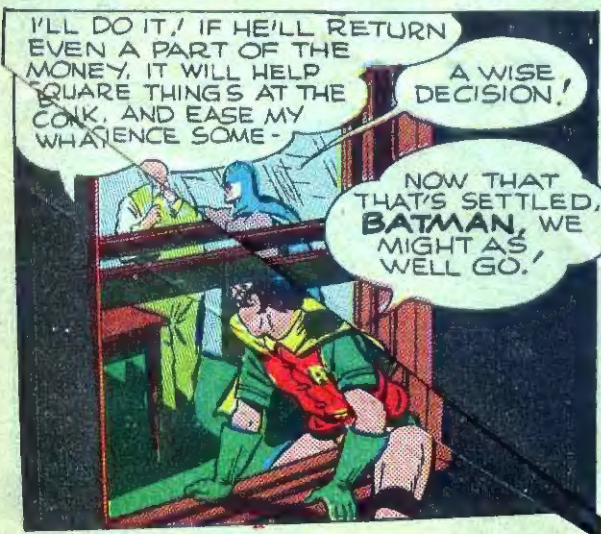
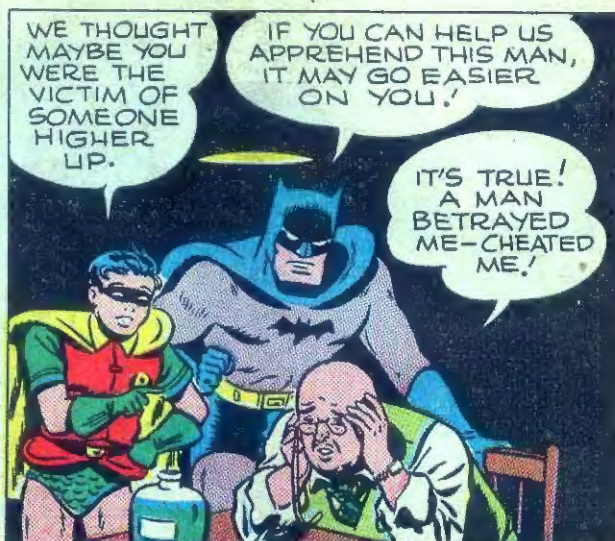
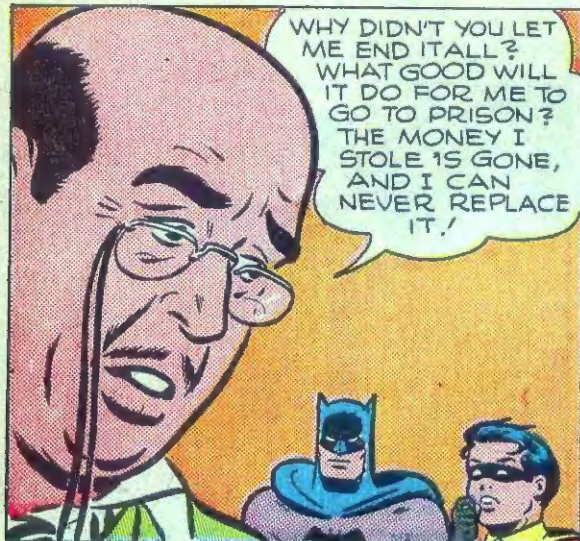
ONE TINY MOVEMENT
OF ONE FINGER...
AND— **WHAT...**



**BATMAN!
ROBIN!**

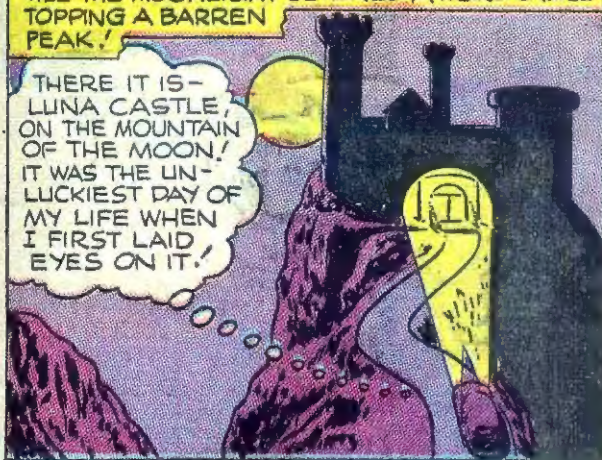
JUST IN TIME
TO KEEP YOU FROM
BEING A BIGGER FOOL
THAN YOU'VE BEEN
ALREADY, BYHAM!

AS NOT A
BIT OF EVER
AS I'VEEN!



PAST CITY LIMITS AND SUBURBS, INTO WILD MOUNTAIN COUNTRY, DRIVES THE DESPERATE BANKER—TILL THE MOONLIGHT OUTLINES A WEIRD CASTLE TOPPING A BARREN PEAK.!

THERE IT IS—LUNA CASTLE, ON THE MOUNTAIN OF THE MOON. IT WAS THE UNLUCKIEST DAY OF MY LIFE WHEN I FIRST LAID EYES ON IT.!



SEEMINGLY WITHOUT HUMAN AGENCY, THE MASSIVE DOORS SWING OPEN BEFORE THE FEARFUL VISITOR.!

THOSE AWFUL, SILENT FIGURES AGAIN. I STILL DON'T KNOW WHETHER THEY'RE MEN OR ROBOTS—OR GHOSTS.!



ENTER, FEARFUL ONE.!

SCORPIO'S VOICE. JUST THE SOUND OF IT MAKES MY BLOOD RUN COLD AS ICE.!



THE EXPERIMENT FAILED! I'M RUINED. I'LL BE SENT TO PRISON AND—

SILENCE, FOOL.!



MY MAGIC NEVER FAILS. IT WAS YOU WHO FAILED, BECAUSE YOU WERE STUPID—AND NOW YOU WOULD TELL THE WORLD YOU WERE CHEATED.!

NO! I SWEAR SCORPIO, I WON'T MENTION YOUR NAME! I WON'T BREATHE A WORD ABOUT IT.!



I KNOW YOU WILL NOT SPEAK, BECAUSE I WILL SILENCE YOU FOREVER!... THROW HIM IN THE DUNGEON. I WILL ATTEND TO HIM LATER.!

OH, WHY DIDN'T THEY LET ME KILL MYSELF, AS I WANTED TO?...!



THINGS LOOK DARK INDEED FOR BYHAM... BUT WHAT EERIE SHAPE IS THIS, FLITTING ACROSS THE FACE OF THE MOON? ...



A GOOD THING WE DECIDED TO FOLLOW HIM IN THE BATPLANE, ROBIN!

THIS CASTLE! IT'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN DESERTED EVER SINCE THE DEATH OF THE CRAZY MILLIONAIRE WHO BUILT IT, YEARS AGO!

I HATE TO LEAVE THE BATPLANE HOVERING LIKE THIS WITH NO ONE ABOARD— BUT THERE'S NO WIND TO MAKE IT DRIFT AWAY!



AND IF THIS FELLOW SCORPIO IS TOUGH, YOU'LL BE GLAD OF MY HELP!



ABRUPTLY...

OH, OH! A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

THEY WANT TO GIVE US A WARM GREETING— BUT NOT IN WORDS!



AND WE'LL RETURN AN EVEN WARMER ONE!

NEITHER OF THE ADVENTUROUS DUO SEES A THIRD ENEMY, LURKING IN THE SHADOWS, REACH FOR A LEVER...



WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING? CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

WHAT—!



THE NEXT INSTANT...

I'M FALLING!

DOWN, DOWN TUMBLE THE TRAPPED HEROES, THROUGH A CORKSCREW CHUTE!

WHEW! THIS ISN'T MY IDEA OF FUN!

SHOOTING THE CHUTE DOESN'T WORRY ME HALF AS MUCH AS WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN WE GET TO THE BOTTOM!

END OF THE LINE! OOOFF!

WHY, I DO BELIEVE THEY'RE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

A THOUSAND APOLOGIES! MY MEN THOUGHT YOU WERE PROWLERS— BUT I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS YOU TWO!

I TAKE IT YOU'RE SCORPIO, THE ALCHEMIST?

WE FOLLOWED GEORGE BYHAM HERE! HE'S IN SERIOUS TROUBLE, AND WE SUSPECT YOU CAN HELP HIM!

HIS TROUBLE IS OF HIS OWN MAKING! I TAUGHT HIM CERTAIN THINGS FOR A PRICE— BUT I HAD NO IDEA HE STOLE TO PAY ME!

I TAUGHT HIM MIRACLES THAT WOULD MAKE HIM RICH! SCOFF IF YOU LIKE— BUT IF I PROVE THAT THE MIRACLES WERE GENUINE, WILL YOU ADMIT THAT HIS TROUBLES ARE HIS OWN FAULT?

SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH— BUT CONVINCE US FIRST!

IN ANOTHER CHAMBER OF THE STRANGE CASTLE...

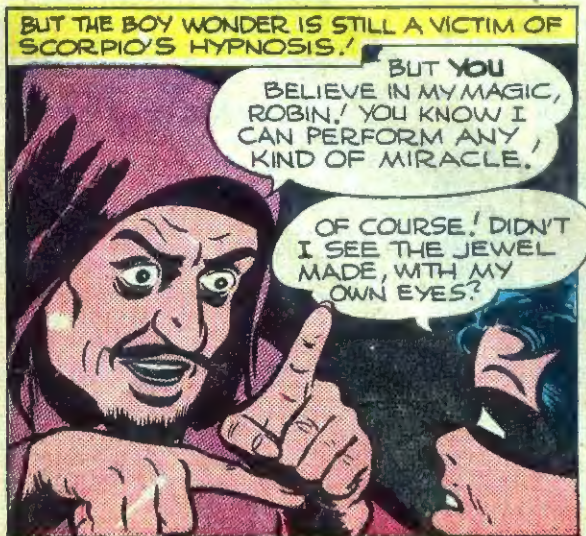
HERE IS ANOTHER OF MY PUPILS, PERFORMING AN EXPERIMENT WITH COMMON CLAY, GLASS, AND A LUMP OF COAL!

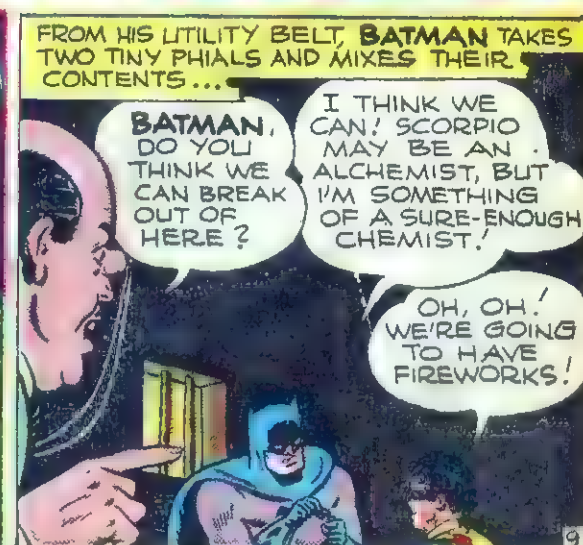
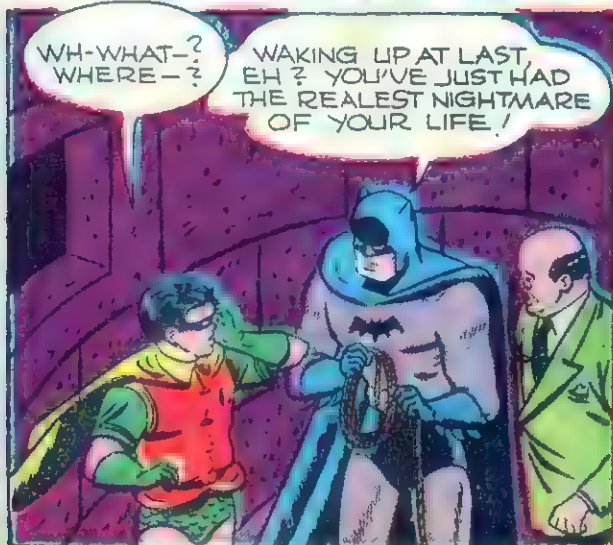
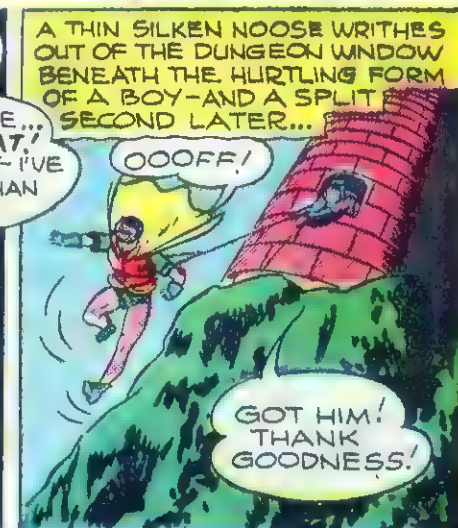
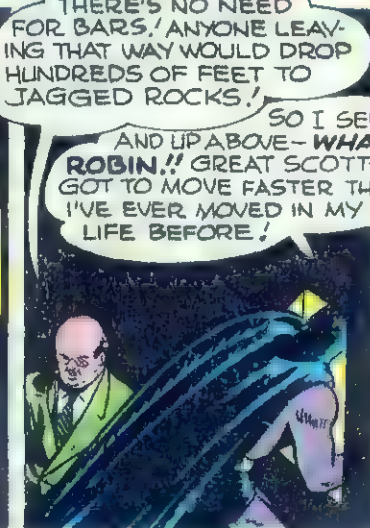
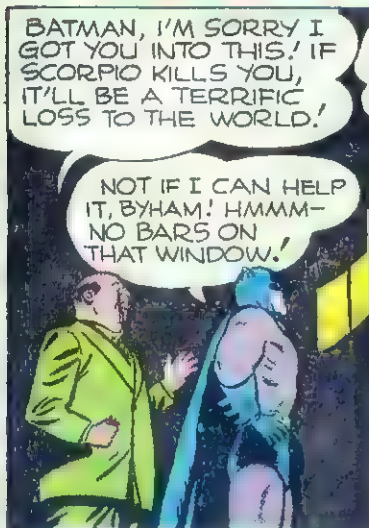
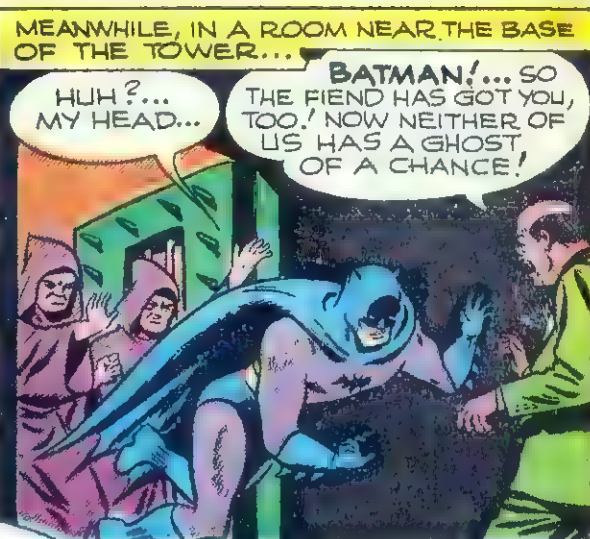
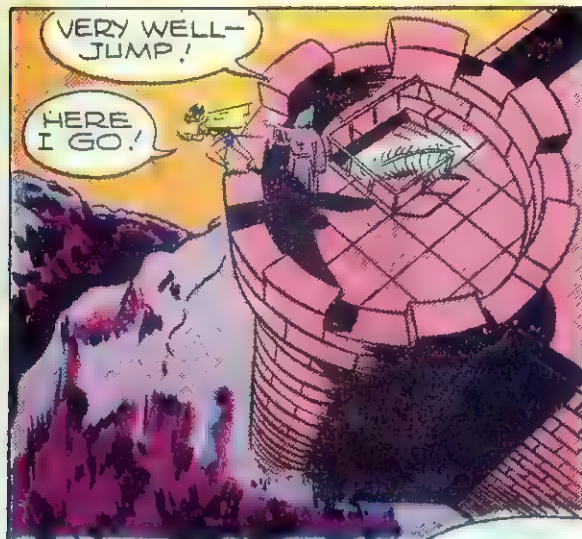
WELL, ROGER GASTON, THE INVESTMENT BROKER!

BATMAN! ROBIN!...

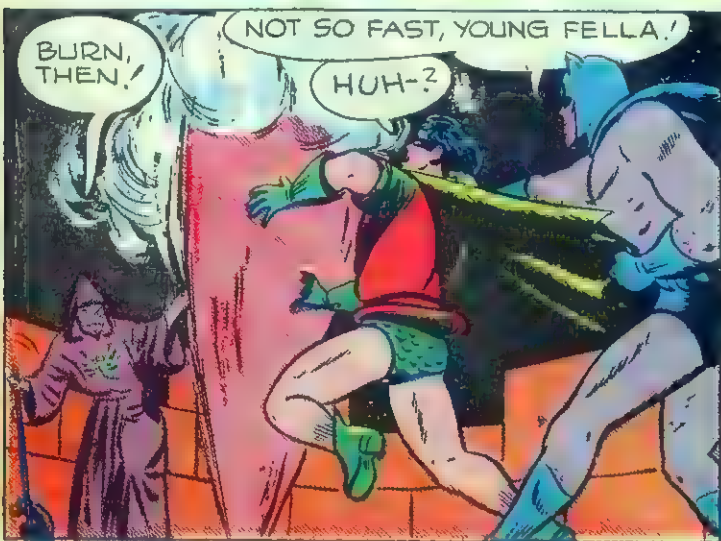
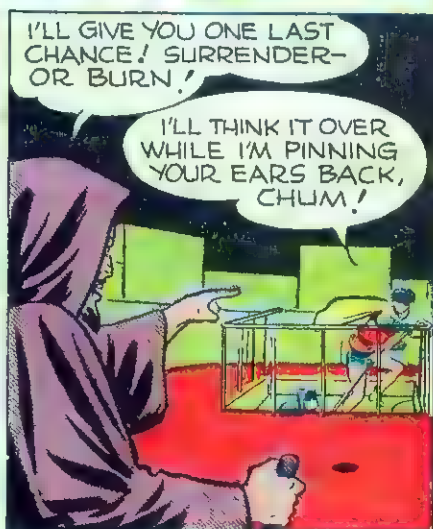
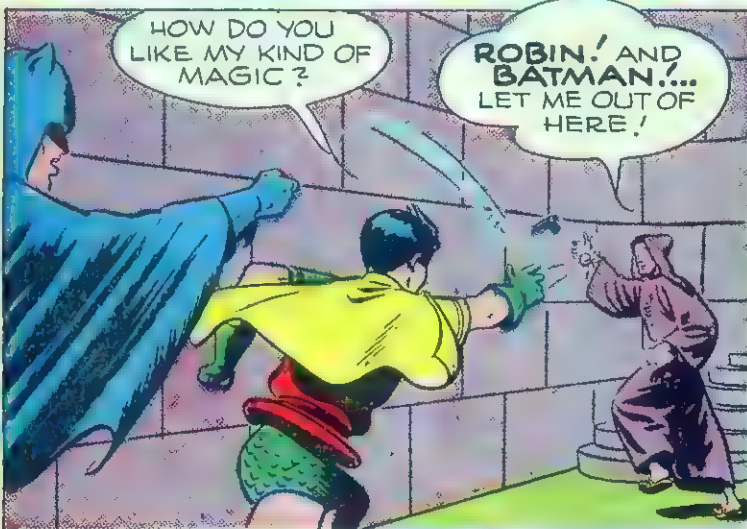
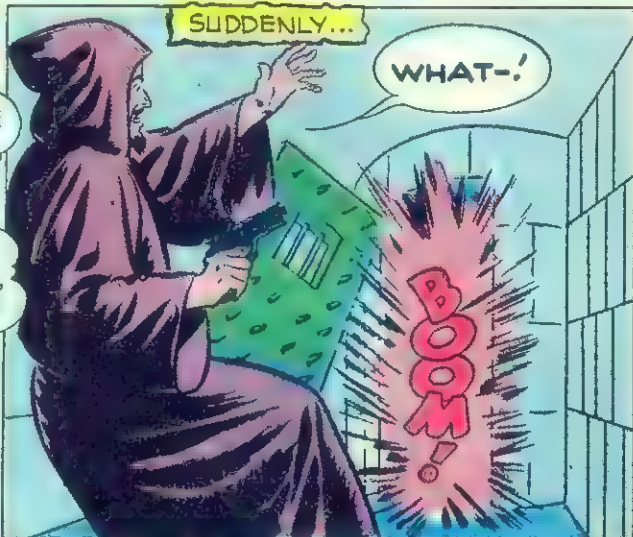
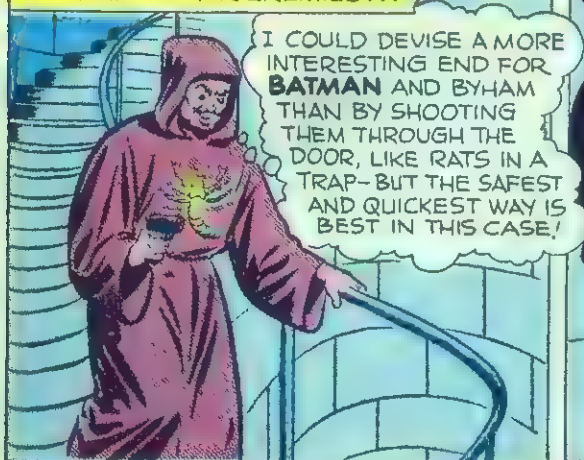
WHAT'S THIS, SCORPIO? YOU GUARANTEED THAT MY CONNECTION WITH YOU WOULD NEVER BE KNOWN!

STOP WORRYING, GASTON! IF I SHOW BATMAN OUR MIRACLES HE WILL KEEP OUR SECRET!



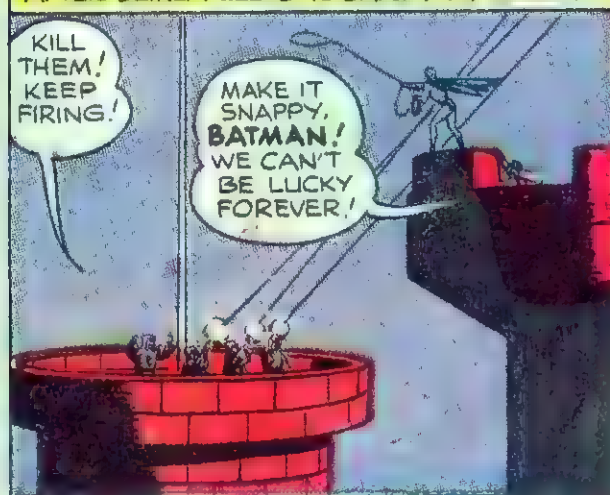


UNAWARE THAT **ROBIN** HAS ESCAPED, THE **BOGUS** MAGICIAN PREPARES TO DEAL WITH HIS OTHER ENEMIES...

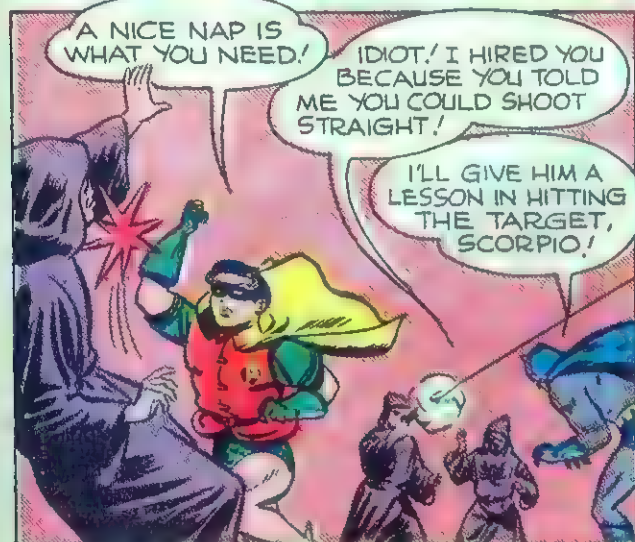
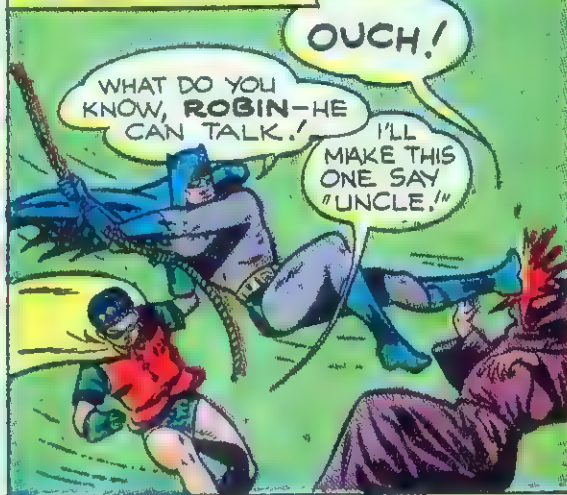


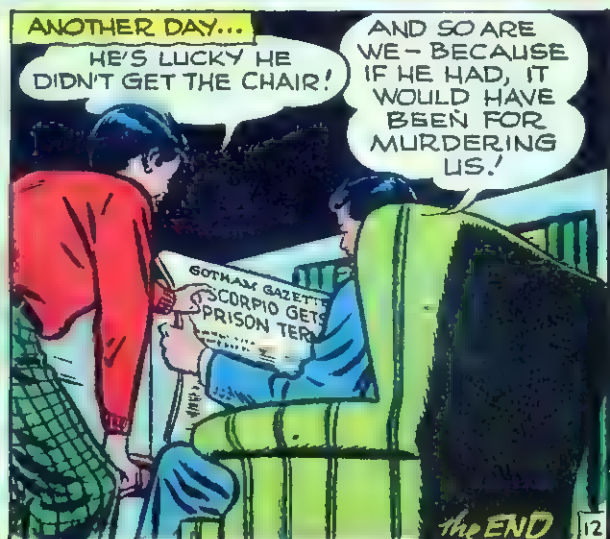
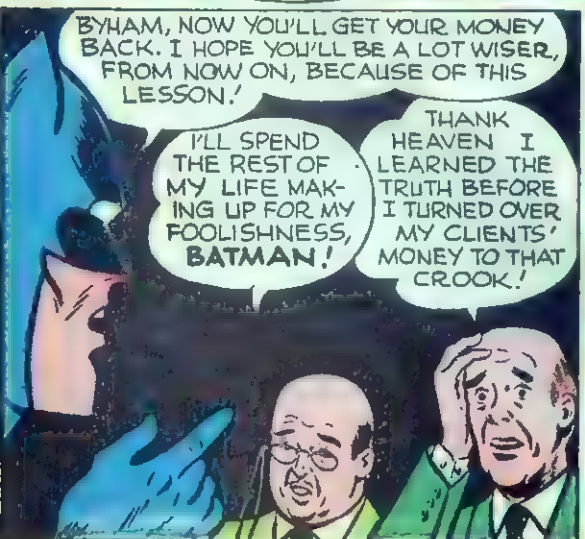
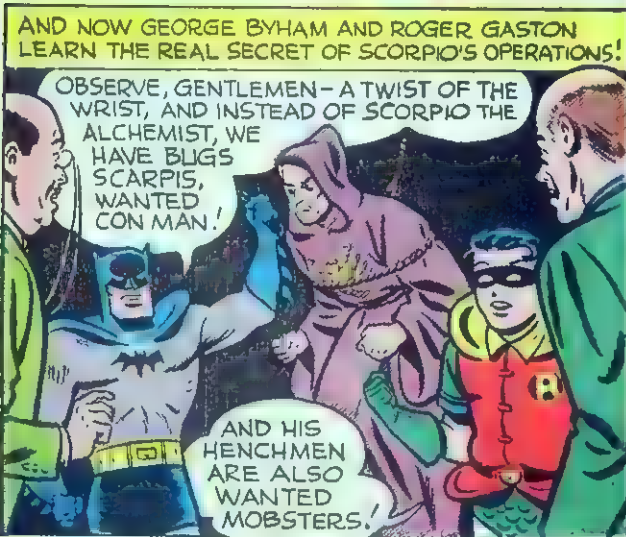
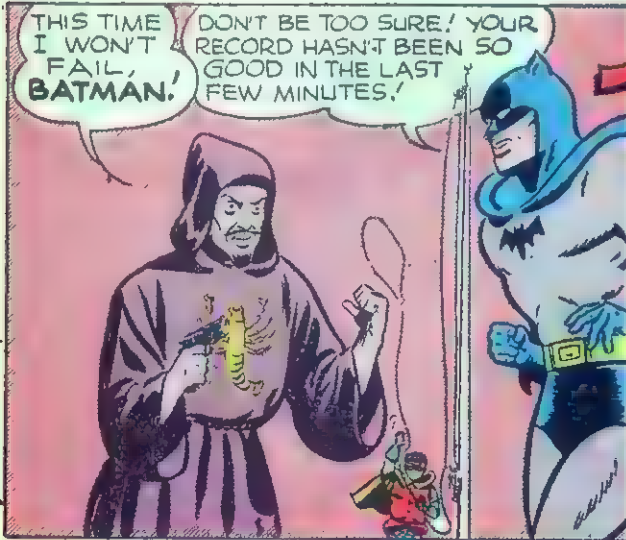


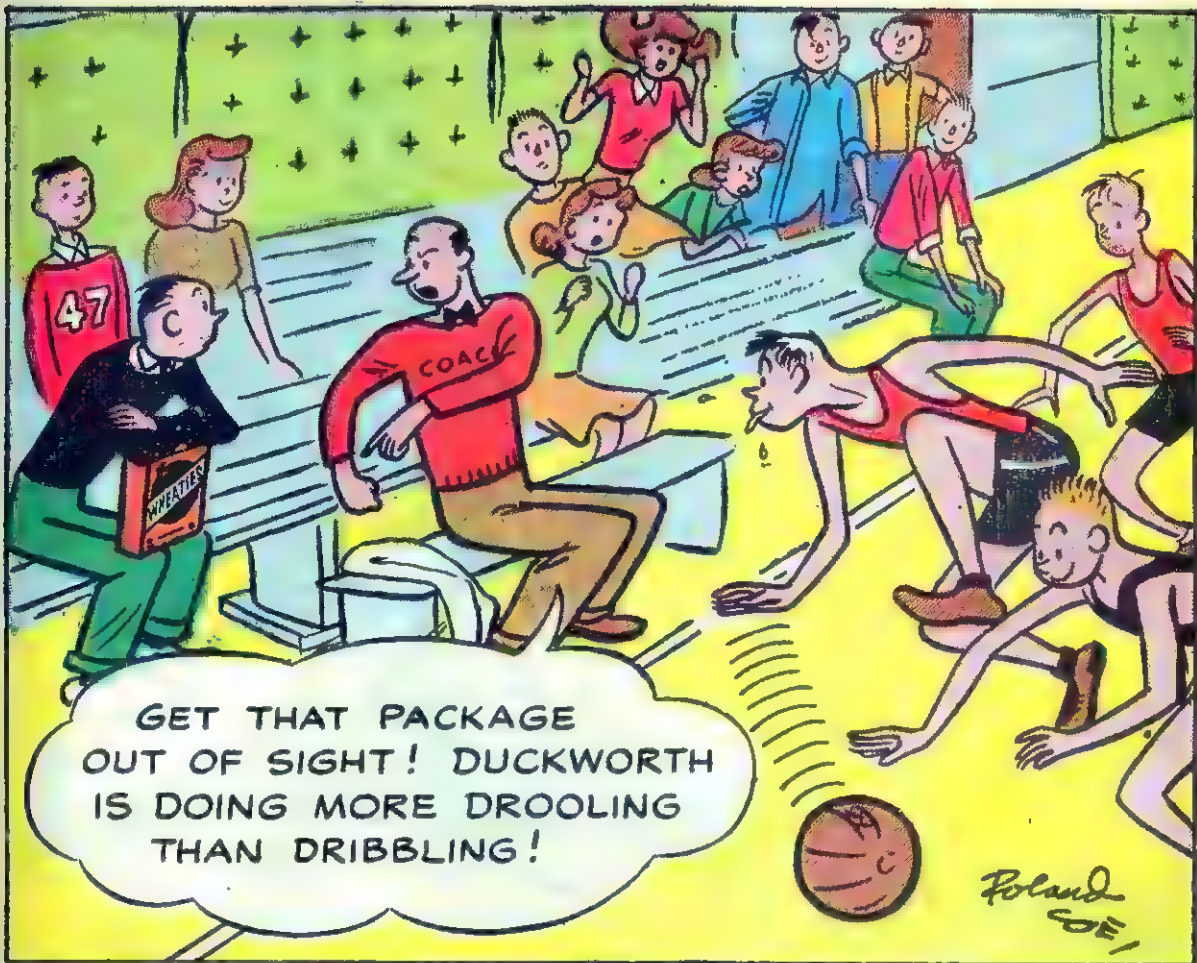
AFTER BEING PULLED TO SAFETY BY ROBIN...



THE NEXT MOMENT...





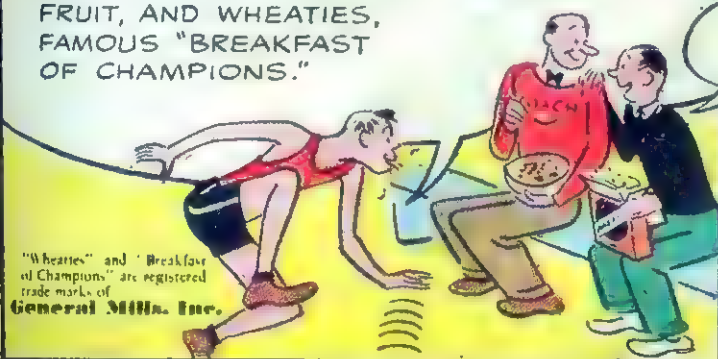


REAL MOUTH WATERING GOODNESS IN WHEATIES.

BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED GOLDEN BROWN. TOASTED CRISPY FRESH. FLAVORED WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP -- THAT'S WHEATIES. AND, MAN, THAT'S GOOD EATING.

LOOKS SWELL! TASTES SWELEGANT!!

GET THAT PACKAGE OF WHEATIES OUT -- TOMORROW MORNING. HELP YOURSELF TO ALL THE SOLID NOURISHMENT, SWELL FLAVOR IN MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



How THOM McAN BLITZED "the Bullet Proof Men"

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

IN THE HIDDEN LABORATORY OF THE MAD DR. POWER...

AHA! AT LAST! THE SECRET OF MAKING THE HUMAN BODY INDESTRUCTIBLE! MY NEW RACE OF BULLET-PROOF MEN WILL CONQUER THE NATION... THE WORLD!

ASSEMBLING GANGS OF TRAMPS, DR. POWER STARTS TURNING OUT HIS "BULLET-PROOF" ARMY.

GEE, THE GUY'S CRAZY!

WHO CARES? AS LONG AS HE PAYS US TEN BUCKS A DAY!

REMEMBER MEN, IF YOU LEAVE THE GROUND, YOUR POWER IS LOST FOREVER.

THE MAD SCIENTIST LEADS HIS UNBEATABLE "ARMY" AGAINST THE CAPITOL...

HEY, LOOK!... THE BULLETS BOUNCE RIGHT OFF ME!

SAY, MAYBE "DOC" AIN'T SO CRAZY AFTER ALL!

PLANES, TANKS, GUNS.. NOTHING CAN STOP THE MAD DOCTOR AND HIS ARMY AS THEY ATTACK!

THOM McAN, AND HIS SILENT PAL "H" GO INTO ACTION!

QUICK, "H"... MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"! I'VE GOT TO GET A HUGE FISHNET AND STOP THOSE FIENDS!

BAZOO-O-OOKA! YOU WON'T BE "BULLET-PROOF" ANY MORE!

THOM ZOOMS OFF IN A HUGE CLOUD OF ROCKET SMOKE...

CURSES! IF WE GET SWEEPED OFF THE GROUND, ALL OUR POWER IS LOST FOREVER!

SUDDENLY, THE PRISON GUARDS SEE A STRANGE SIGHT...

OKAY, WARDEN, I'VE SCOOPED UP EVERY ONE OF 'EM FOR YOU!

AND WHAT A SCOOP, THOM!

THANKS, SIR! AND SPEAKING OF SCOOPS, THOM McAN SHOES SCOOP THE WHOLE COUNTRY FOR VALUE!

WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN "THOM McAN"—ALWAYS SILENT! (THE "H" IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SPEAKS OUT LOUD!)

Fellows! Tell Your Folks You Want THOM McAN SHOES!



THE THOM McAN X23

Size 1 to 5 1/2. Similar Shoe for Men—Style 3668—Size 6 to 11.

They'll be glad you did—because husky THOM McANS can "take it." Snappy styles. Built-in comfort that keeps you "foot-happy." Low priced. Smart styles for men too. When you buy your next THOM McANS—take Dad along!

Thom McAn

OVER 300 STORES—IN OVER 300 CITIES



Famous Commendation Seal awarded by Parents' Magazine to Thom McAn Boys' and Girls' Shoes.



WITH HIS OWN LIFE IN DANGER, *Air Wave* FINDS TIME TO SAVE A CRIMINAL ANXIOUS TO KILL HIM. FOR THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS PUTS THE SAVING OF HUMAN LIFE AHEAD OF FIGHTING CRIME, AND NEVER TURNS A DEAF EAR TO ANYONE...

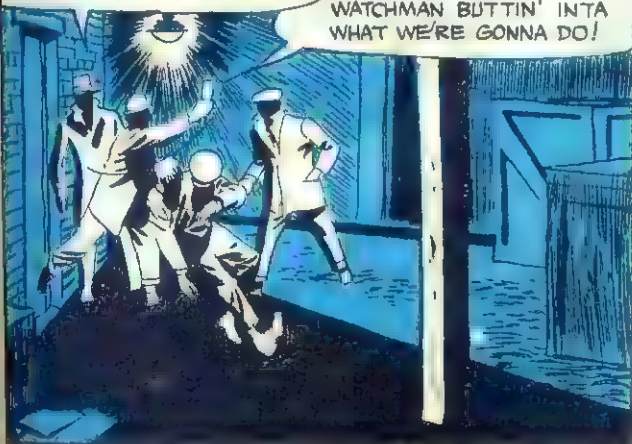


"CALLING DR. AIR WAVE!"

THE SWIFT STROKE OF A BLACKJACK...

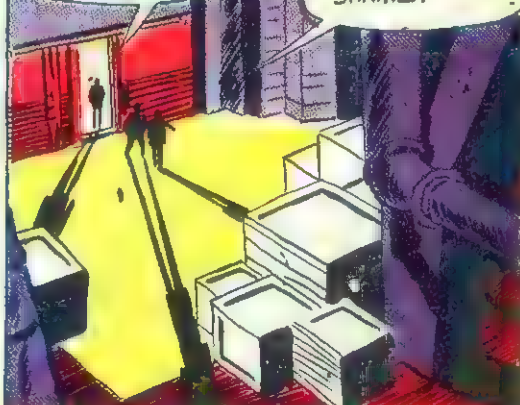
WOW! THAT OUGHTTA PUT HIM OUT FER A WEEK, TIGER!

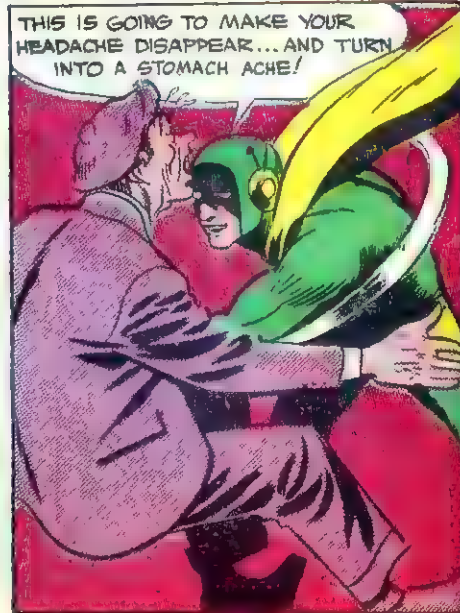
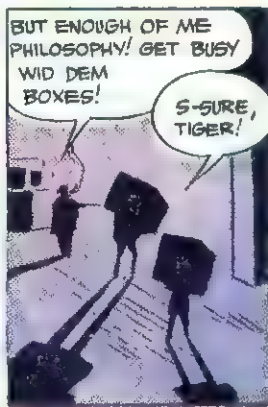
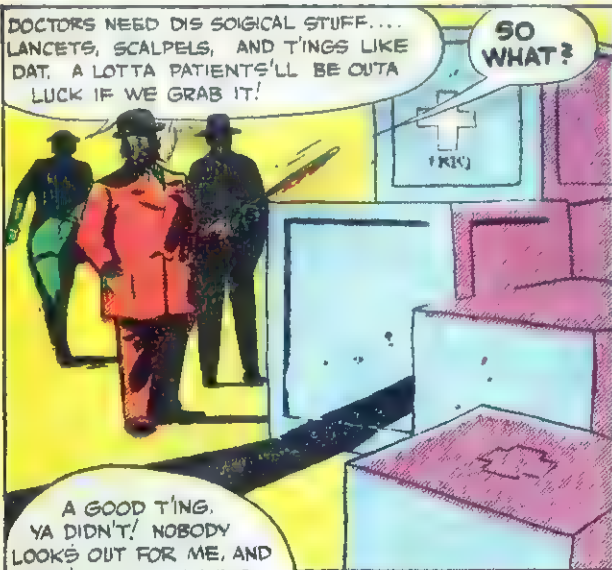
DAT'S DA IDEA, HARRIS! WE DON'T WANT NO WATCHMAN BUTTIN' INTA WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO!

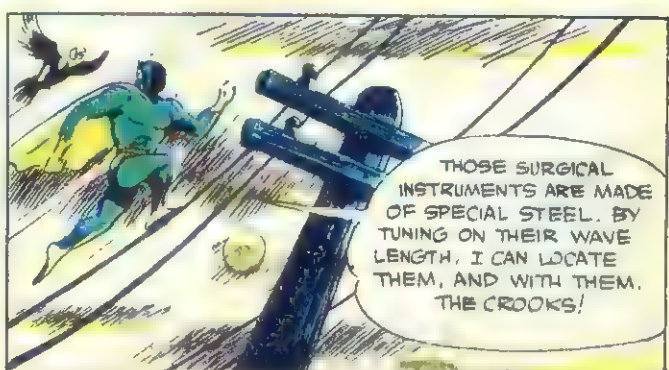
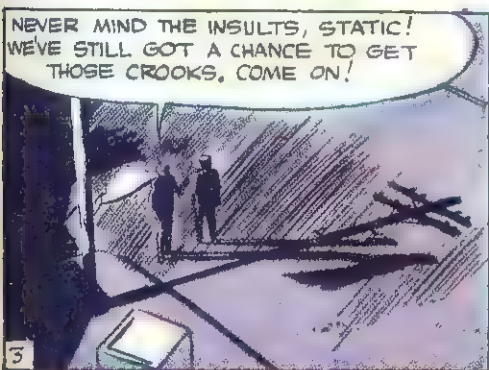
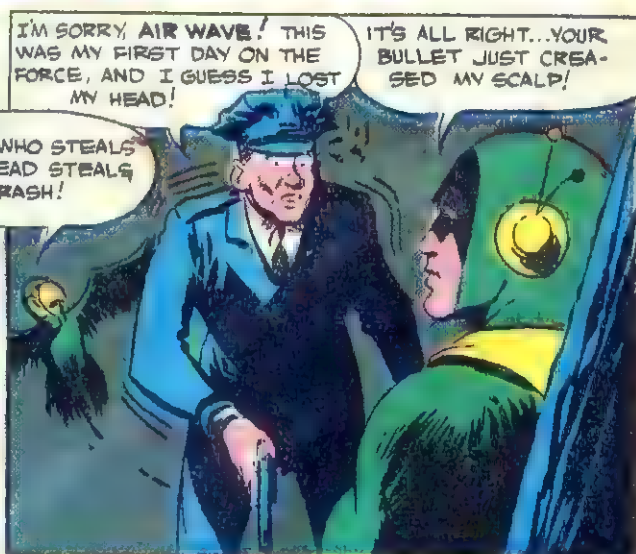
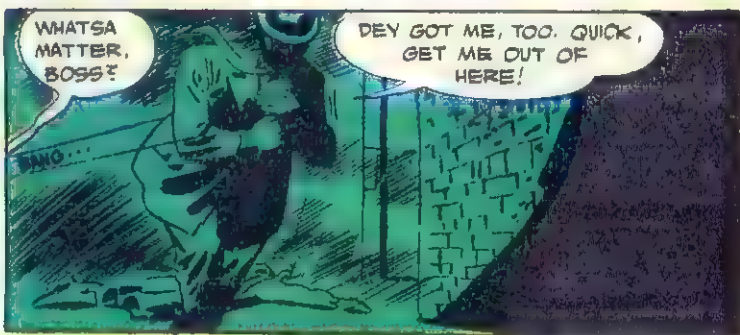


DA STUFF IN DESE BOYES IS WORTH TEN GRAND, AND I AIN'T TAKING NO CHANCES OF LOSIN' IT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS, BUSINESS IS BUSINESS! ALL DA SAME, IN ONE WAY IT'S A SHAME!







Moments Later...

THIS IS THE PLACE, STATIC...BUT I'M SURPRISED OUR THUG FRIENDS ARE SO CARELESS...WHAT'S THAT LIGHT DOING ON?



WELL, WHATEVER THE REASON, WE'LL PUT THEM AND THE LIGHTS OUT TOGETHER!

HIM AGAIN! I T'UGHT HE GOT SHOT!



IT TAKES MORE THAN A SLIGHT TOUCH OF LEAD TO FINISH ME, PAL!

EEH!



THIS IS FUN--BUT WHERE'S TIGER? IT SHOULD BE MORE FUN DOING IT TO HIM!

KLONK!

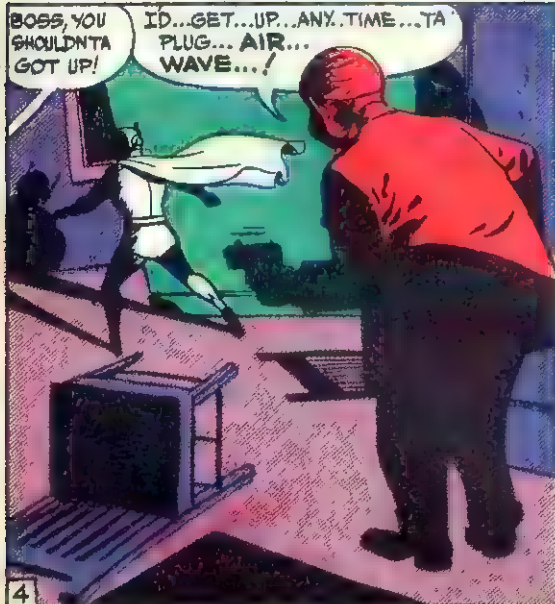


HERE...I...AM...AIR...WAVE... PUT...YER...MITTS...UP... BEFORE...I...PLUG...YA...!



BOSS, YOU SHOULDN'TA GOT UP!

ID...GET...UP...ANY.TIME...TA PLUG...AIR... WAVE...!

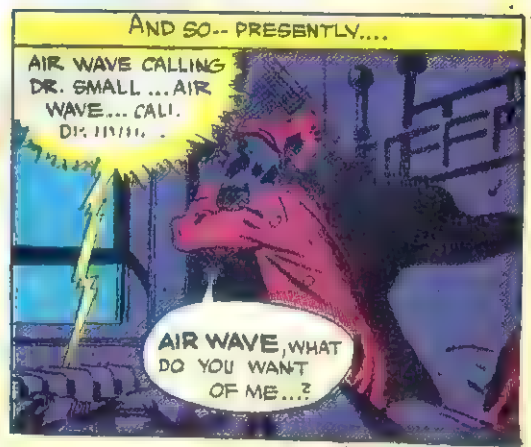
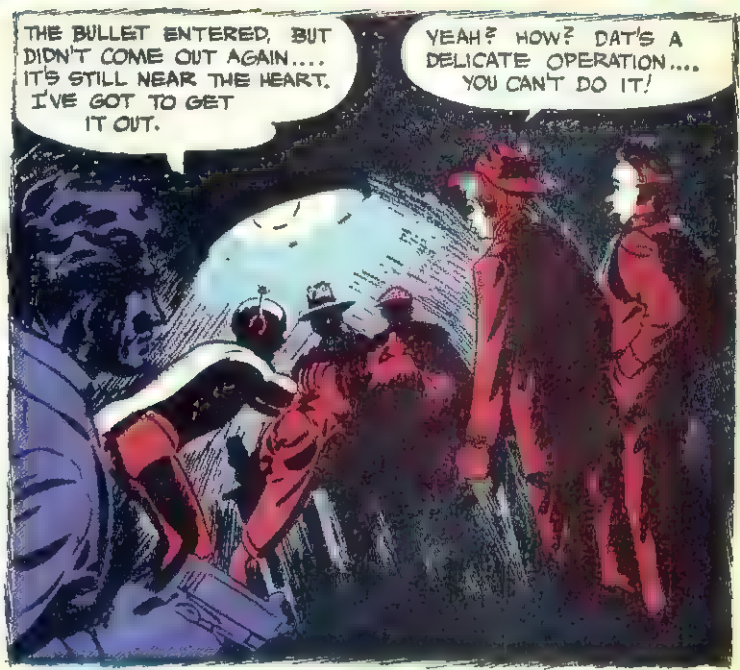
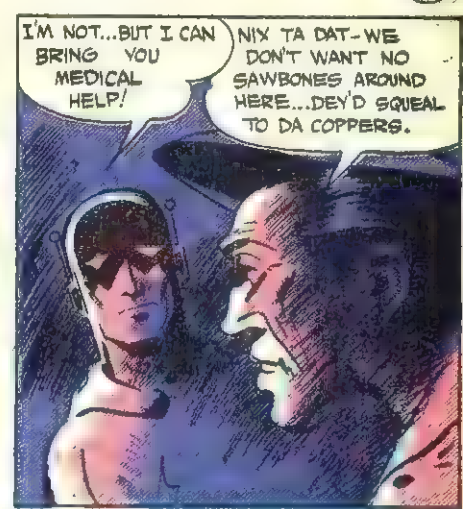
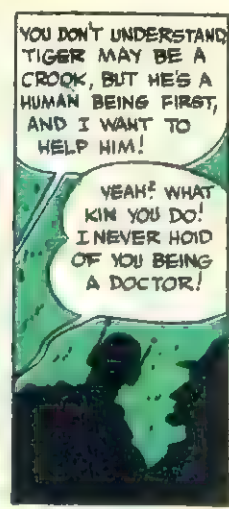
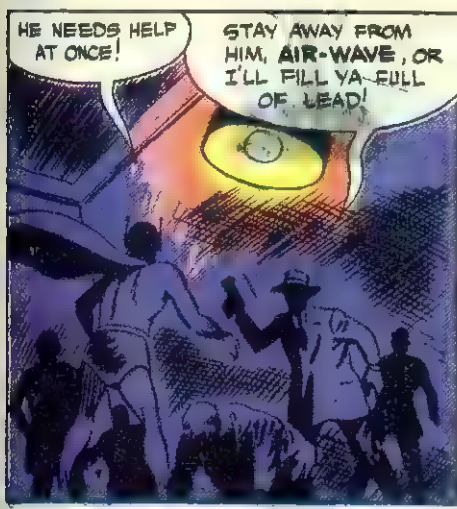


YOU'RE A WONDER, BOSS. BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

YOU SAPS... HAD TO... HAVE ME... TA HELP YA!



HE'S BADLY HURT!...

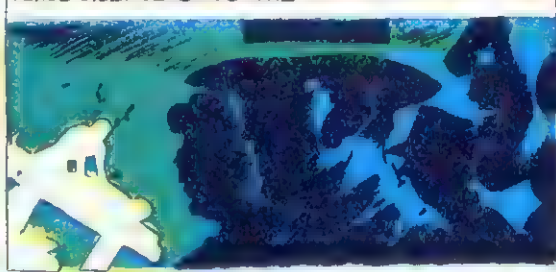


A QUICK EXPLANATION OF THE CASE BY *Air Wave*... AND SECONDS LATER, FOLLOWING RADIOED INSTRUCTIONS BY THE PHYSICIAN, HE GETS TO WORK!

YOU'LL HAVE TO CUT DEEPLY, AIR WAVE... THE BULLET SEEMS TO HAVE PENETRATED PRETTY FAR...



TENSE SILENCE GRIPS THE WATCHING CRIMINALS.



SLOWLY MINUTES PASS BY, AND THEN...

WHEN! IT'S OVER! THERE'S THE BULLET!

BUT THE BOSS, HE AIN'T MOVIN'...

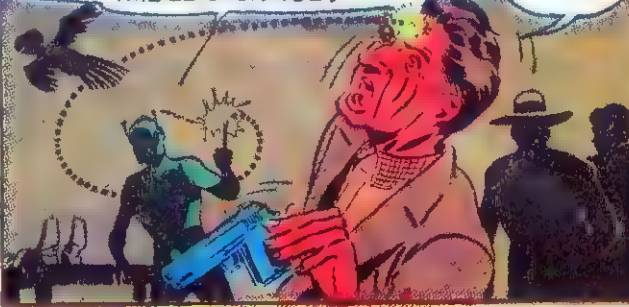
HE'S DEAD! KILL AIR WAVE!



BUT BEFORE THE CRIMINAL CAN SHOOT, POWER LEAPS FROM AIR WAVE'S RADIO TO A LEADEN PELLET...

I DON'T NEED A GUN TO SHOOT BULLETS... THIS'LL STUN YOU!

OWW!



UNEXPECTEDLY...

WHEE! WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

LOOK...HE'S ALIVE, AFTER ALL! HOLD ON!

THE OPERATION WAS A FAILURE! THE PATIENT LIVED!



AIR WAVE, I USED TA TINK IT'S EVERYBODY FOR HIMSELF, AND ONLY SAPS HELPED OTHER PEOPLE. BUT YOU TAUGHT ME DIFFERENT. I DESOIVE TA GO TA JAIL!

WELL, I HOPE THAT YOU STILL REMEMBER YOUR LESSON WHEN YOU COME OUT OF JAIL!

US TOO, BOSS!



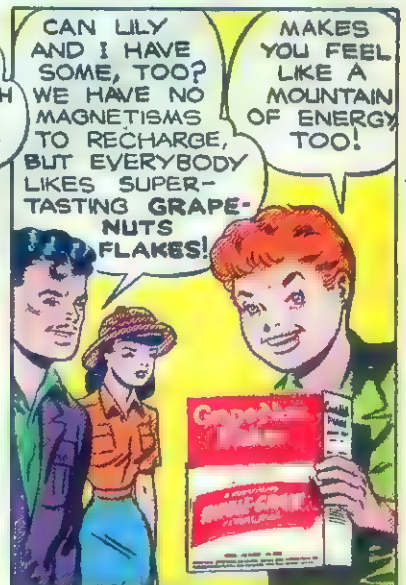
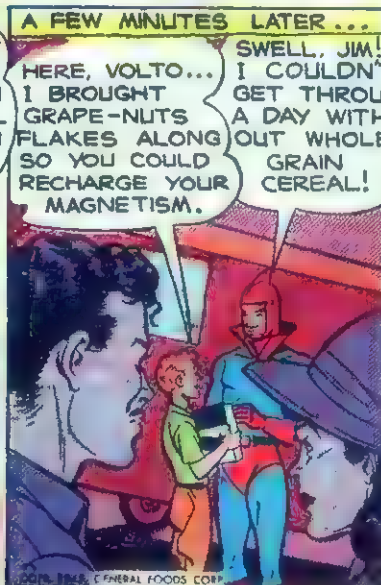
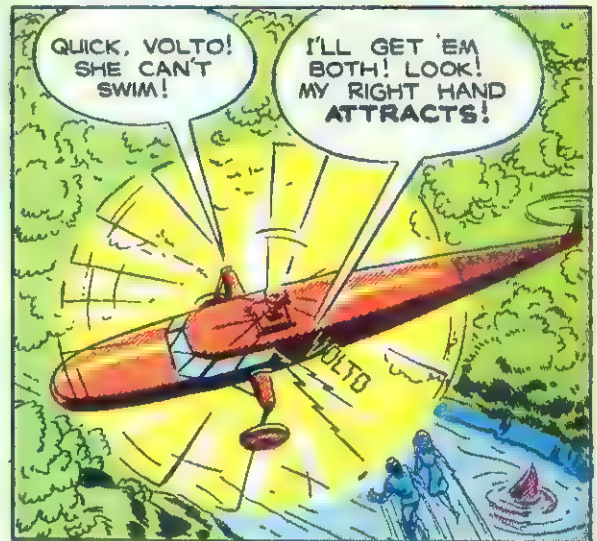
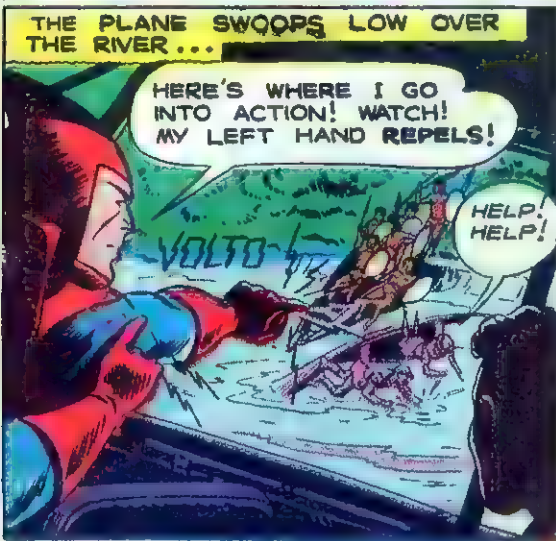
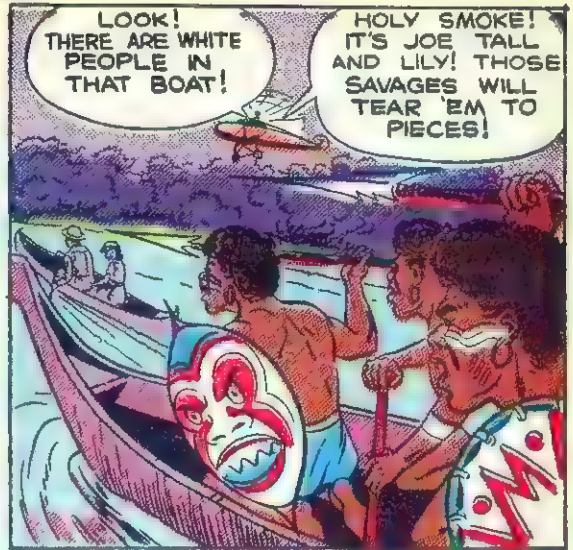
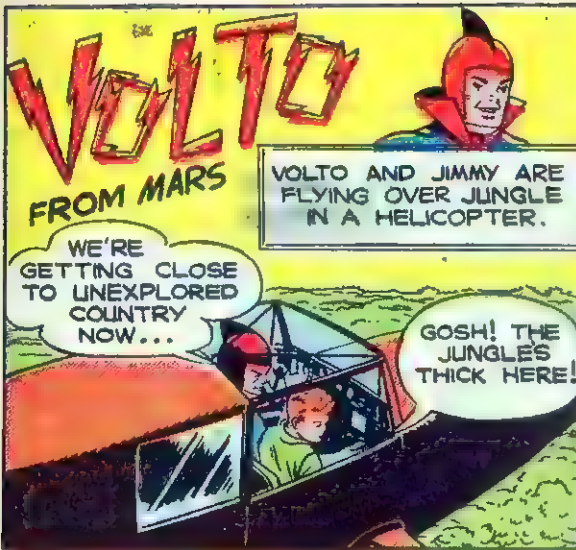
AS THE POLICE TAKE OVER...

I ALWAYS THOUGHT TIGER WASN'T AS TOUGH AS HE SEEMED, STATIC. WHY HE TURNED OUT TO BE QUITE A SOFTIE!



THE TOUGHER THEY ARE, THE MUSHIER THEY FALL! AWWRK!

The End



THREE-RING BINKS

JACK FARR

BOOKING-AGENT DELUXE
FOR STAGE, SCREEN
AND RAH-DEE-OHH!

BROTHER BINKS, I GOT ME HERE
THE MOST SEN-SAY-SHUN-AL ACT
THAT EVER STIFLED AN AUDIENCE,
AND IT'S THE ONLY ACT OF ITS KIND
IN THE WORLD! "ELLA AND ELMER"—
THE ACROBATIC EELS." LEMME
RUN THEM THROUGH THEIR ROUTINE
AND YOU'LL RUN ME RAGGED TO
STITCH ME TO A CONTRACT...
HERE'S THEIR OPENING—AIN'T
THAT A WOW?

TAKE IT RIGHT BACK TO THE
FISH MARKET, CHUM... MARINE
ACTS ARE TABOO IN MY BOOK—
AND ESPECIALLY TRAINED EEL ACTS.
SIDDOWN FOR A SPLIT-SECOND,
AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW AN EEL ACT
BLIGHTED FOUR-FIFTHS OF MY
YOUTH.

ELLA &
ELMER.

—THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO I'M MANAGING A PUNY
LIL' LAST GASP TENT SHOW—WE'RE HOP-SKIP
AND-JUMPIN' ALONG THE SHORE OF THE GULF
WHEN ONE NIGHT, AFTER THE SHOW, WHO
WALKED IN ON ME BLT—

— HE FINALLY PREVAILED ON ME TO WALK
DOWN TO THE BEACH WITH HIM, (THE SHOW
WAS FOLDING ANYWAY, SO I WENT!)

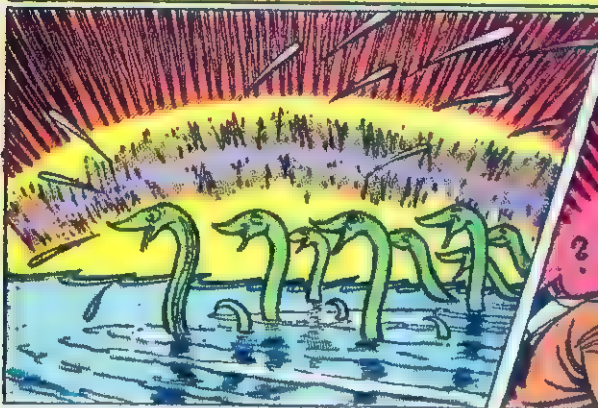
HIYA, SKIPPER! I'M KNOWN ROUN' THESE
PARTS AS KEELER, THE EELER—AN' I AIM
TO DO A PIECE OF A JOB WITH YOU IN THIS
SHOW BUSINESS RACKET.

I'VE GOT AN ELECTRIC EEL ACT THAT
I TRAINED M'SELF—OUT HERE IN THE GULF
AND WHAT I MEAN, THEY'RE STRICTLY
HIGH VOLTAGE—NOW GET A LOAD OF
THIS, PAL—I'LL GIVE 'EM MY SECRET EEL
LOVE CALL!!

SEZ YOU!!

ABAM-A WHAM!
AN ALLY-GAZZAM!!

—WELL, I'M NOT KIDDIN' YA SON! OUTA THE PITCH BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT AN EVEN DOZEN BRILLIANT HEADS INSTANTLY POPPED OUT O' THE INKY GULF WATERS AND LIGHTED THE SHORE FOR MILES AROUND.



COME IN SHORE YOU UL' RASCALS. I WANT YOU ALL TO MEET OUR NEW BOSS.

AN' YOU—MARY ANN LOU—I WANT YOU TO TURN ON ALL THE POWER—SHINE YOUR BRIGHTEST, AND LET THE NEW BOSS PAT YOU!

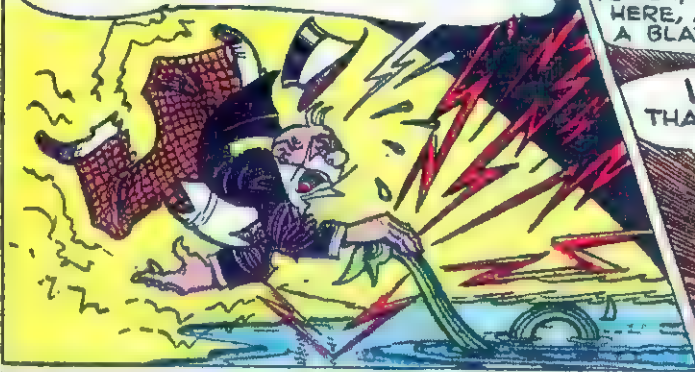


—STUPID-LIKE, I PATTED MARY ANN LOU, AND WHAM!— A 10,000 WATT SHOCK RAN UP MY SLEEVE AN' OUTA MY SHOES!

—NEXT THIS KEELER THE EELER REALLY WENT TO TOWN, AND PUT HIS TROUPE OF ELECTRIC EELS THROUGH A ROUTINE THAT LEFT ME SPELL-BOUND, SPEECHLESS, AND SHORT-CIRCUITED!

OW-WAH!—TURN OFF THAT CURRENT! I DON'T AIM TO BE ELECTROCUTED!!

—THEN FOR A 'CLOSE, I SHUT OFF ALL THE ELECTRIC POWER, PLUG IN WITH 'HIGH VOLTAGE VIOLA', HERE, AND I CAN KEEP 'THE ENTIRE JOINT IN A BLAZE O' LIGHT FOR A SOLID MONTH!!



WOW!— THAT DOES IT, BUB!!



—I SIGNED HIM UP TO A TEN YEAR CONTRACT QUICKER'N YOUR NEXT BREATH—

—I HAD A GIGANTIC GLASS TANK BUILT SPECIAL FOR THE ACT AND WE OPENED WITHIN THE WEEK—SONNY BOY, THEY STOPPED THE SHOW COLD—THEY WERE A FOUR-ALARM SELL-OUT!

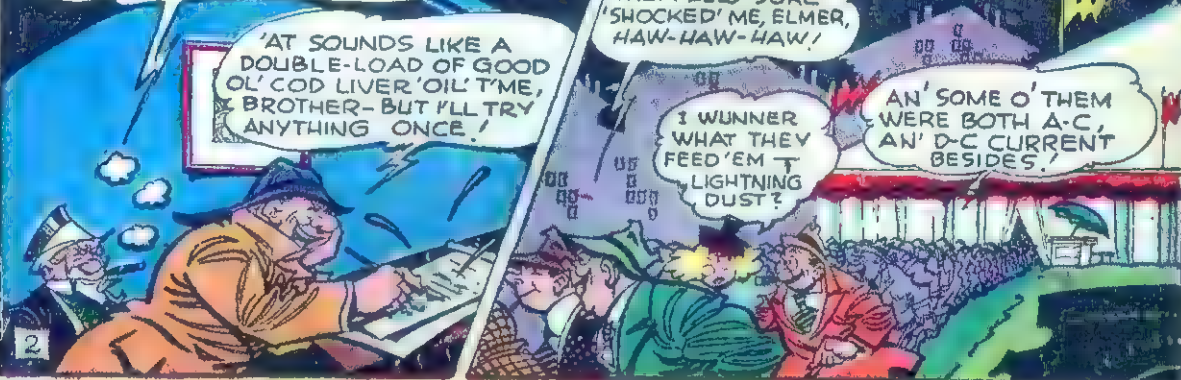
AND YOU'RE GONNA LOVE THIS CARNIVAL GANG O' MINE, SAILOR— WE'RE ALL JUST ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY!

'AT SOUNDS LIKE A DOUBLE-LOAD OF GOOD OL' COD LIVER 'OIL T'ME, BROTHER— BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE!

THEM EELS SURE 'SHOCKED' ME, ELMER, HAW-HAW-HAW!

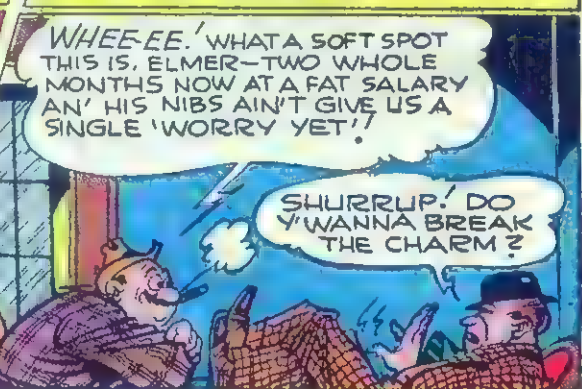
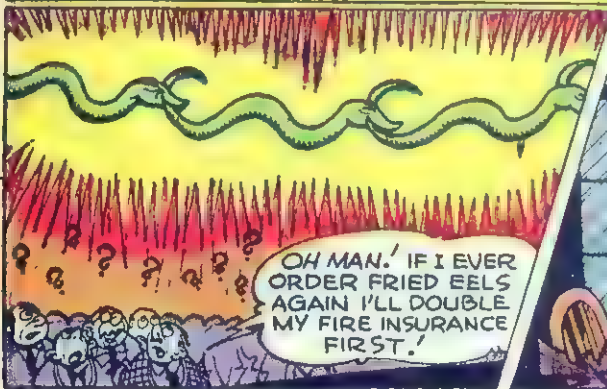
I WUNNER WHAT THEY FEED 'EM T' LIGHTNING DUST?

AN' SOME O' THEM WERE BOTH A-C, AN' D-C CURRENT BESIDES!



-KEELER THE EELER THEN TRAINED THEM TO FORM A UNITED CHAIN-THUS CREATING AN ELECTRIC CABLE THAT CARRIED THEIR COMBINED POWER- WOW! I'D BLACKOUT THE TENT AND THEN THEY'D LIGHT IT UP LIKE FOURTEEN 'GREAT WHITE WAYS'.

-THE SHOW WAS A 'SELL-OUT' FROM COAST TO COAST- THE ACT KEPT GETTING BETTER 'N' BETTER-AND THE PROFITS PILED UP SO FAST THAT I HAD TO HIRE TWO SECRETARIES TO DO MY PRIVATE WORRYING-



OH MAN! IF I EVER ORDER FRIED EELS AGAIN I'LL DOUBLE MY FIRE INSURANCE FIRST!

WHEE-EE! WHAT A SOFT SPOT THIS IS. ELMER-TWO WHOLE MONTHS NOW AT A FAT SALARY AN' HIS NIBS AIN'T GIVE US A SINGLE 'WORRY YET'!

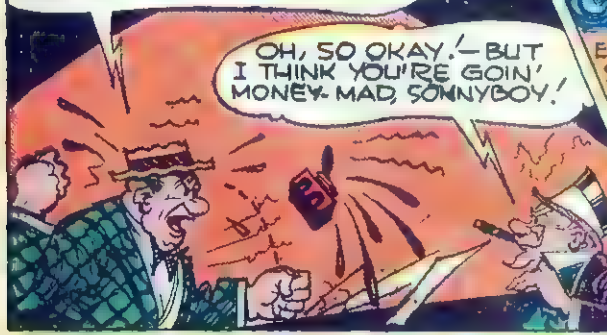
SHURRUP! DO Y'WANNA BREAK THE CHARM?

- THEN IT HAPPENED! -KEELER THE EELER DEMANDED A RAISE!!

- SUCCESS SOON WENT TO HIS HEAD THOUGH- WITH NEW ADDED MONEY TO SQUANDER, HE PUT HIS ENTIRE TROUPE ON A DIET OF BRAND-NEW FUSES, CAN Y'IMAGINE?- THE SQUANDERER!!

\$18 A WEEK AIN'T ENOUGH, BINKS, AND BESIDES, YOU'RE OVERWORKIN' MY EELS- I HAFTA TAKE 'EM OUT EVERY WEEK NOW AND HAVE 'EM RE-CHARGED- I WANT \$20 A WEEK OR I QUIT!!

MAKE IT ANOTHER LONG GROSS, CHUM- ME LITTLE PETS ARE GETTIN' BRIGHTER BY THE MINUTE!



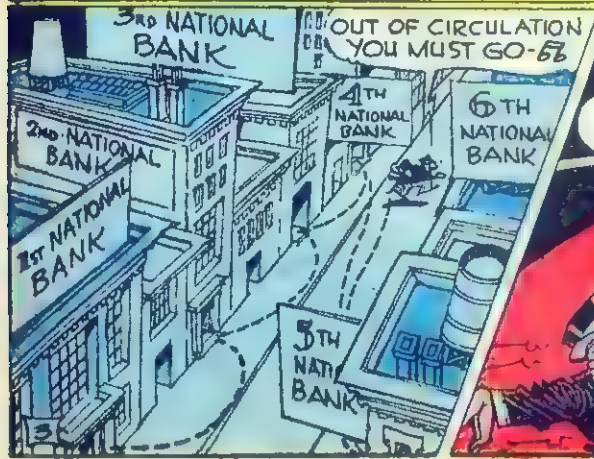
OH, SO OKAY! - BUT I THINK YOU'RE GOIN' MONEY MAD, SONNYBOY!

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES (WITH A KICK)



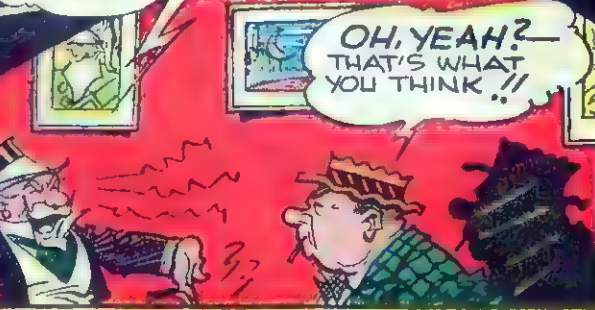
-WE CONTINUED TO PACK 'EM IN HOWEVER, SO WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE I BASHFULLY OPENED SIX NEW BANK ACCOUNTS-

- SIX MONTHS OF UNLIMITED BOX-OFFICE FOUND US AROUND THE CIRCUIT AGAIN, AND WE WERE BACK IN THE VERY TOWN WHERE I'D FIRST MET KEELER. -



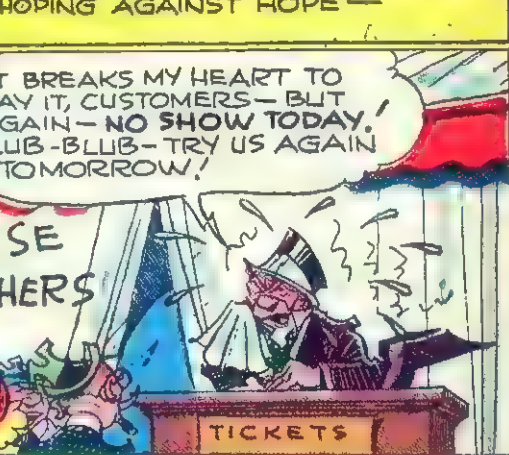
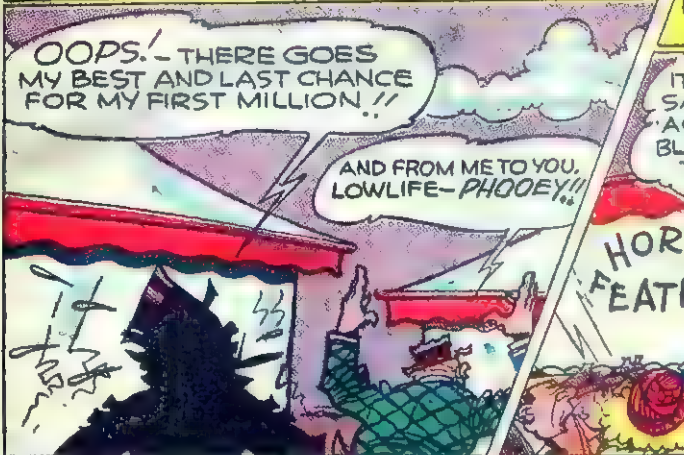
WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN, KEED- HAW- HAW- HAW- SEEMS LIKE OLD HOME WEEK, WHAT?

OH, YEAH? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!!

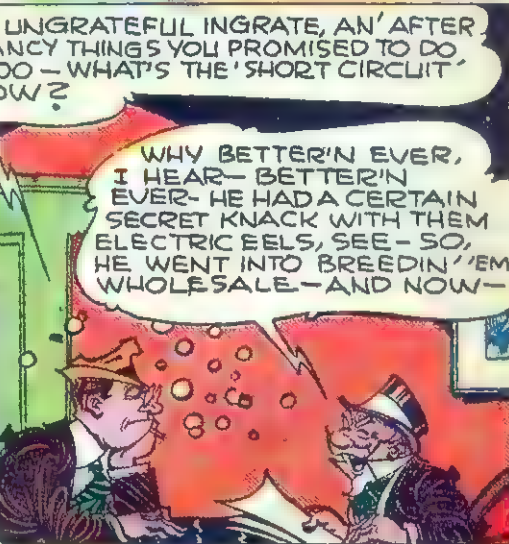
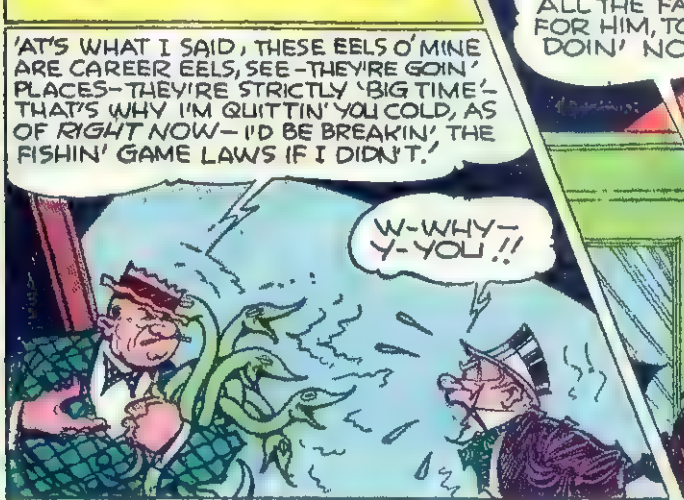


- WITH THAT SAMPLE OF CELLOPHANE-WRAPPED SARCASM HE SHUFFLED OFF THE LOT -

- AND HE WAS GONE FOR A WHOLE WEEK - NATURALLY, I HAD TO CLOSE THE SHOW, BUT I STUCK AROUND - HOPING AGAINST HOPE -

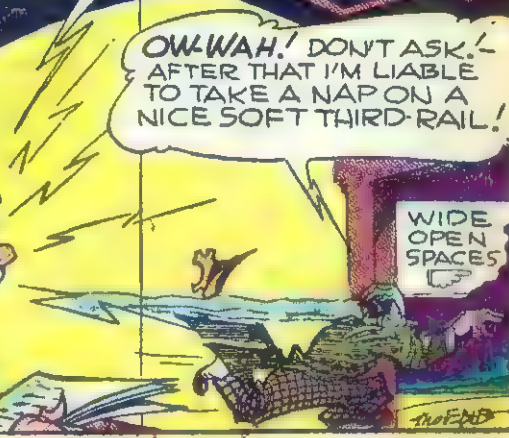
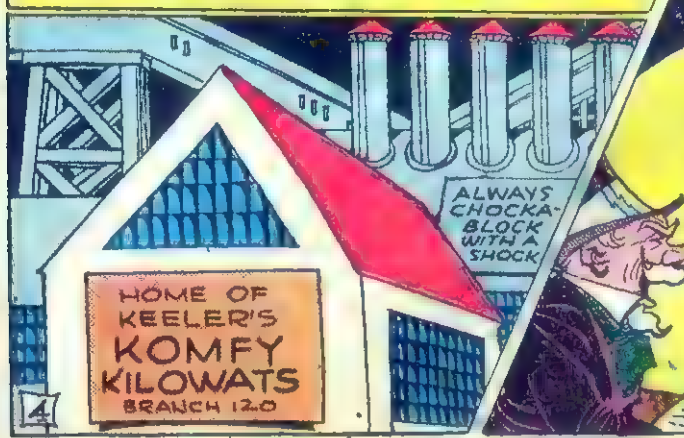


THEN THE LIGHTNING STRUCK!



- HE'S GOT TONS OF 'EM IN TANKS - GRINDING OUT 'LECTRICITY' 24 HOURS A DAY IN HIS OWN PRIVATE OWNED CHAIN OF POWER-HOUSES ALL OVER THE SOUTHWEST - HE'S IN THE MILLIONS!

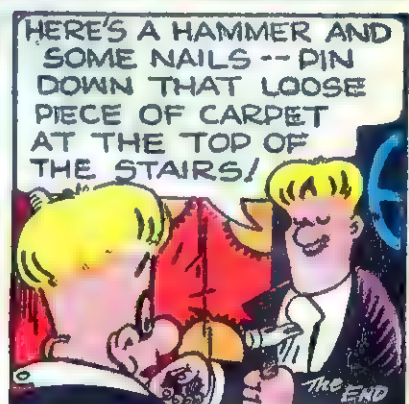
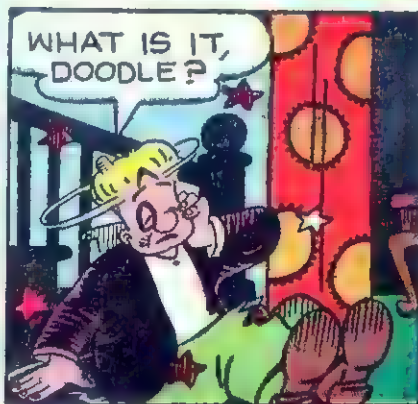
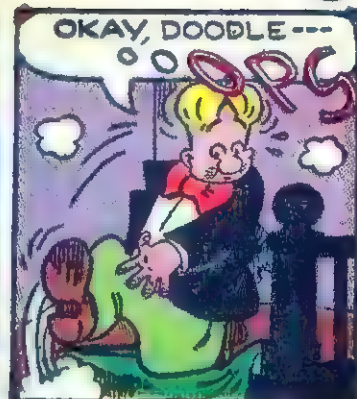
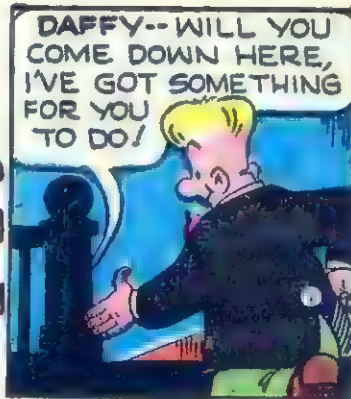
HEY! - HEH-HEH-HEH! - WHERE Y'HEADIN', SON?





DAFFY & DOODLE

LIT WIN



Why Everybody Goes for FLEERS!



NIGHT PICKUP

by Ted Loury

WILBUR DUDLEY was feeling very pleased with himself as he walked from the jewelry shop.

"Well," thought Wilbur, feeling the precious package in his pocket, "I guess it isn't every day that salesman have a chance to make a \$5,000 sale." Of course, Wilbur didn't know that the customer preceding him had been the wife of a Texas oil multi-millionaire. She had just spent \$50,000 for a diamond tiara.

Wilbur's thin hand closed lovingly around the package. His wife would certainly be surprised to see that string of matched pearls. "Hmph, maybe she'll realize I am somebody," Wilbur thought. The bonus that had been given him was certainly bringing out the best in Wilbur. He was still a little dazed by the decision he had made to purchase a necklace with the windfall.

On the street, the homegoing business traffic cluttered the thoroughfare. Wilbur, still feeling very important, stopped and watched for a few moments, his hand still holding the package. He wasn't going to loose his grip on it, either. He'd heard about how pickpockets operated. He cast a furtive look around, eyeing people suspiciously.

"Why, one of them might be a pickpocket," he murmured, "and I'm looking right at him." His ruminations sent a

shiver running up and down his narrow spine. He decided he'd better walk over to Third Avenue, where he'd parked his car. Usually Wilbur arrived in the city by train and ferry, but today, being a very special day, he had taken the car.

Now he was in it, deliriously happy and driving carefully crosstown. He said a cheery "You're welcome" to the toll taker on the near side of the bridge, and turned on his car lights. The night was crisp, and there was a hint of snow in the air.

Wilbur shivered slightly and turned on the heater. He was a very careful driver. If he had been speeding, as were the other drivers, he might not have noticed the shabbily-dressed man patiently thumbing a ride.

Wilbur stopped. The man clambered in. "Goin' far, buddy?"

"Nyack."

The man spread his hands gratefully before the heater. "This heat sure feels good. Not one of those other guys would pick me up. I'm trying to hitch-hike to Geneva." His voice sounded weary, tired. "My old man left me a farm up there. I'm going to try to get back a little of my health." He smiled wanely. "My name's Mike," he said, sighing. "It's a pleasure to have a name again instead of a number."

Wilbur returned the smile. He was a companionable soul. "Mine's Dudley," he said, "glad to know you, Mike."

Then he started. What was it this hitch-hiker had said? "It's a pleasure to have a name again." A cold fear smote Wilbur's heart. Then he shook his head. No, it couldn't be. But still . . .

"Did you say something about a number?" Wilbur asked hesitantly.

The man seemed a little defiant. "That's right. I used to have a number."

"In the Army?"

A short, curt laugh. "In prison. But you've got nothing to worry about, pal. I've done my last stretch. I'm reforming." A sigh. "Back to the farm again for Mike."

A convict! As though it had suddenly taken fire, the package in Wilbur's pocket burned against his chest. A \$5,000 necklace! And alongside Wilbur Dudley sat a man with a prison record!

Wilbur, by superhuman effort, concealed his terror. He remembered, only too vividly, how easily pearls are disposed of. This man could sell them one by one. His mind in a turmoil, Wilbur managed to blurt out, "Everyone is entitled to another chance."

Yes, that was the tack to take. Show this man it didn't

mean anything to him, Wilbur Dudley, to be driving with an ex-convict.

"I hope everybody thinks the way you do, pal," Mike said bitterly. "I sure hope so." Sideways, Wilbur saw the man glance at him speculatively. "You look as though you do pretty well for yourself, pal. A nice car, a home in the country."

Panic struck at Wilbur. Was this stranger sounding him out? Trying to figure how much money he carried? Excitedly, Wilbur ran over in his mind the stretch of road they would have to traverse reaching Nyack. Dismally he recalled the dark stretch of road that lay ahead right after Paramus. Cold beads of perspiration broke out on Wilbur's brow and when the stranger said: "Bet this car can move fast. It's one of the last models they made before the war," Wilbur almost fell through the floorboards. He knew, he just knew, that the man was thinking of attacking him, then using the car as a getaway. Wilbur had a too vivid picture of himself lying face down on the highway, unconscious, while a convict sped away with his car.

Sped? That was it. A thought struck with terrific clarity at Wilbur. It was a dangerous scheme, this one he was plotting. But it might work, save his precious necklace from the hands of a criminal.

Wilbur tried to make his

voice casual as he looked at the dashboard clock. "Heavens, I'm late. I'd better step on it."

He pushed on the accelerator, watched the needle mount. Forty, fifty, sixty. He was doing sixty-five and his nerves were taut when he heard the whine of a siren. The man looked around. "It's a cop, pal!"

Relief spilled over Wilbur, oozed from every pore. It was too good to be true. What he had hoped for had happened. Now the State Trooper would arrest him, take him to the station house. He'd be safe there, and this convict would be on his way.

Almost ready to cry with joy, Wilbur slowed down.

The State Trooper was very caustic. "Where you goin'? To a fire? You were doing sixty-five. What have you got to say to that? Lemme see your license and registration."

"Guilty, officer," Wilbur said, almost defiantly. "I certainly was doing sixty-five." He pulled his billfold out of his pocket, got out the license.

The trooper was eyeing him narrowly. He reached out for the license. "Yep," Wilbur repeated. "I'm guilty."

The Trooper looked up from the papers. Now, Wilbur thought, he's going to take me in. "Shall I follow you, officer?" he asked.

For a long moment, the trooper looked at him stonily. Then his face became suspicious. "Just keep your foot

from going too far down on that gas pedal, buddy," he said. "And go home and sleep it off."

He turned, got into his car again. Before Wilbur could recover from his surprise the trooper had driven off. Wilbur's face blanched. He stifled an urge to cry out. He could feel the stranger suddenly pressing something into his ribs: Wilbur could almost feel the cold, blue steel poking him, burning him.

It was no use. He'd better give up. He'd lose a \$5,000 necklace but probably save his life. His whole body trembled as he turned, looked into the narrowed eyes of the stranger. Yes, give him the keys to the car and the necklace. They weren't worth his life.

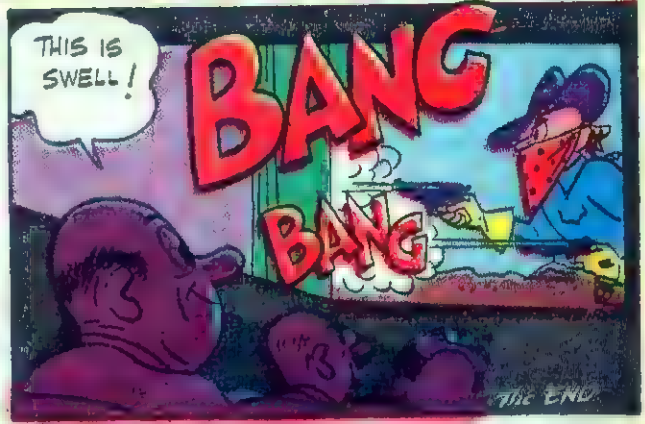
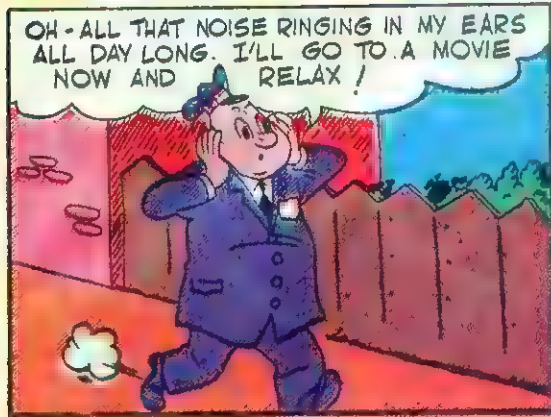
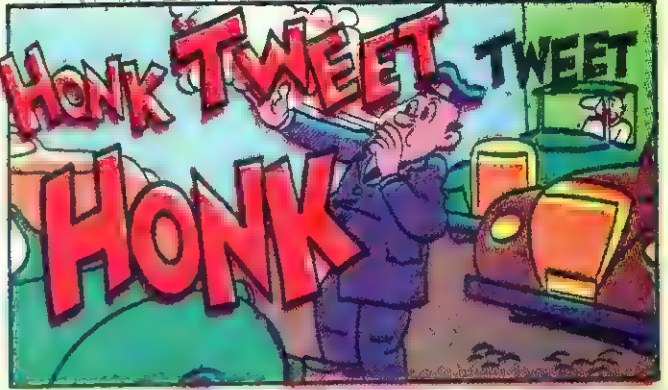
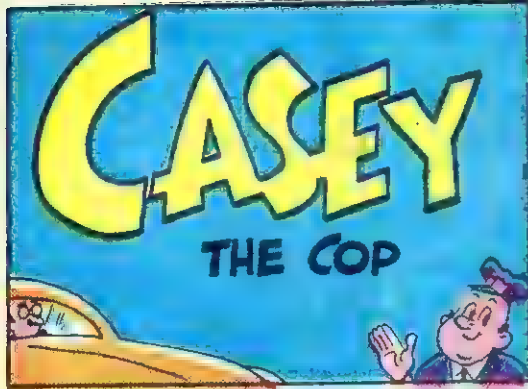
"Here," Mike said, pressing the object harder into Wilbur's side. "You lost this when you pulled out your billfold, buddy."

Wilbur stared at the flat package in the man's hand. It was the case containing the pearls. And the man was holding it out to him.

"Gee," he heard the man saying, "you're okay, buddy. I wish I had your guts when it comes to handling cops." Then, admiringly. "You sure ain't afraid of nothing, are you pal?"

"No," Wilbur said, pressing on the gas. "Not me."

It was wonderful the change that necklace had wrought in Wilbur Dudley.



HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS WHY THE SARGASSO SEA, A PATCH OF OCEAN IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, IS ENTIRELY COVERED WITH SEAWeed? ITS EXISTENCE WAS FIRST REPORTED BY COLUMBUS.



THIS STUFF ALWAYS GETS IN MY HAIR!

EVERYONE KNOWS HOW DELICIOUS SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS TASTE —AND HOW FAST THEY RELIEVE COUGHS DUE TO COLDS!



THEY'RE JUST LIKE CANDY!



TRADE

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢



MARK

SLAM BRADLEY

SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, UNBEATABLE BRACE OF BIG TOWN SLEUTHS, PLAY A PRACTICAL JOKE — AND ACCIDENTALLY PICK UP THE THREAD OF A VICIOUS AND MALIGNANT PLOT, WHICH WINDS UP IN A HOT AND FURIOUS FINALE — AS THEY PUT THE CRIMP ON A...

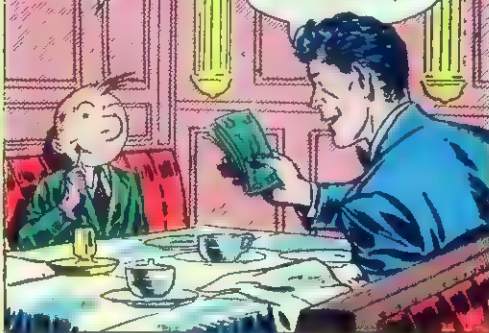
'PLAYHOUSE OF PLUNDER!'



SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, THE BIG AND SMALL OF MAIN STEM DETECTIVES, FINISH A NOONDAY SNACK...

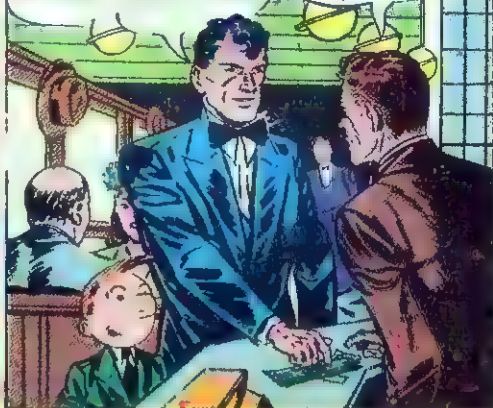
AHHH... A SQUARE MEAL, AND EVERY CORNER FITS FINE!

FOR A HALF-PINT, YOU SURE STOW IT AWAY. LOOK—I'M GOING TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH GEORGE WITH THIS STAGE MONEY.



HERE YOU ARE, GEORGE — A DOLLAR FIFTY OUT OF FIVE DOLLARS.

HUH? OH-ER-HELLO, SLAM AND SHORTY.





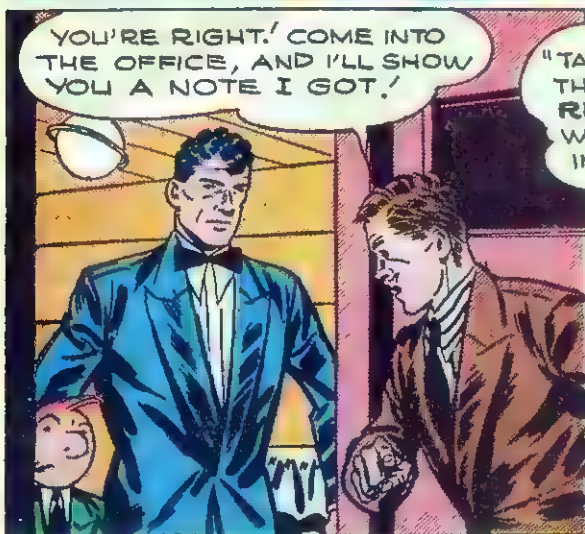
HERE YOU ARE, SLAM—THREE-FIFTY.

BUT GEORGE, THAT WAS A STAGE-PHONEY I GAVE YOU!

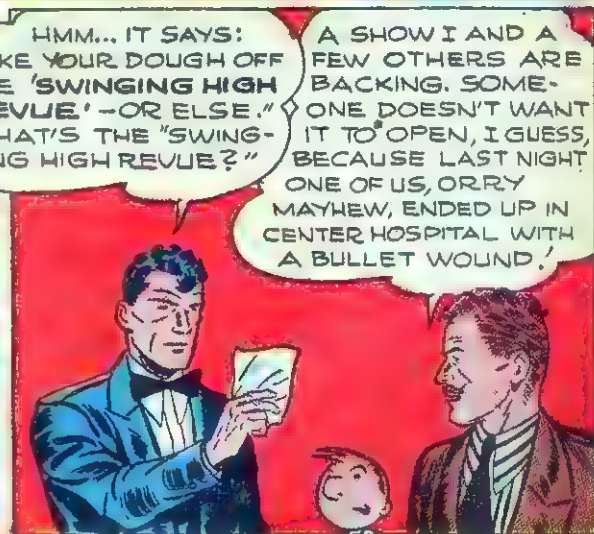


GOSH! I-ER—GUESS MY MIND WAS WANDERING!

HMM... I THINK SOMETHING'S GOT YOU WORRIED, GEORGE. WHAT IS IT?

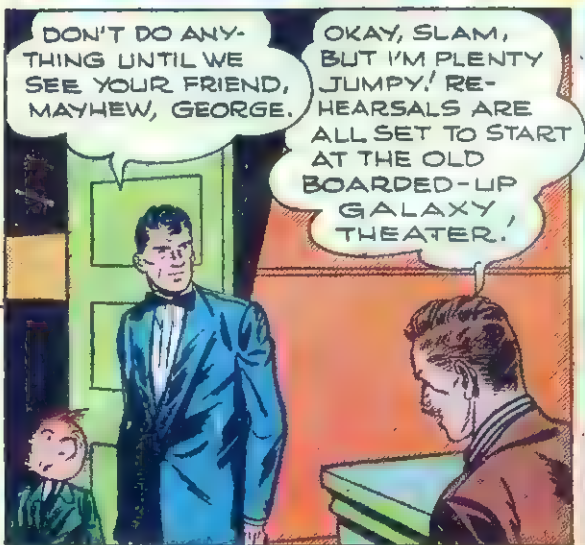


YOU'RE RIGHT! COME INTO THE OFFICE, AND I'LL SHOW YOU A NOTE I GOT!



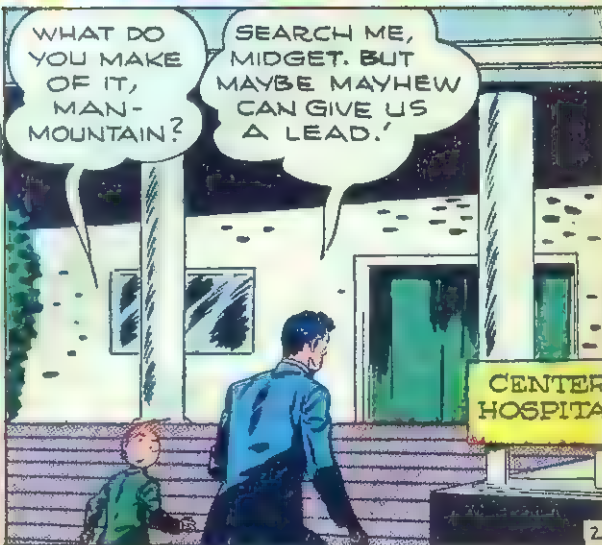
HMM... IT SAYS: "TAKE YOUR DOUGH OFF THE 'SWINGING HIGH REVUE'—OR ELSE." WHAT'S THE "SWINGING HIGH REVUE?"

A SHOW I AND A FEW OTHERS ARE BACKING. SOME-ONE DOESN'T WANT IT TO OPEN, I GUESS, BECAUSE LAST NIGHT ONE OF US, ORRY MAYHEW, ENDED UP IN CENTER HOSPITAL WITH A BULLET WOUND!



DON'T DO ANY-THING UNTIL WE SEE YOUR FRIEND, MAYHEW, GEORGE.

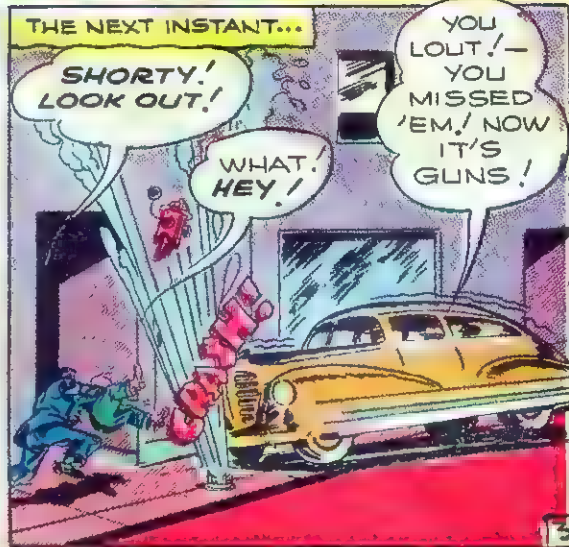
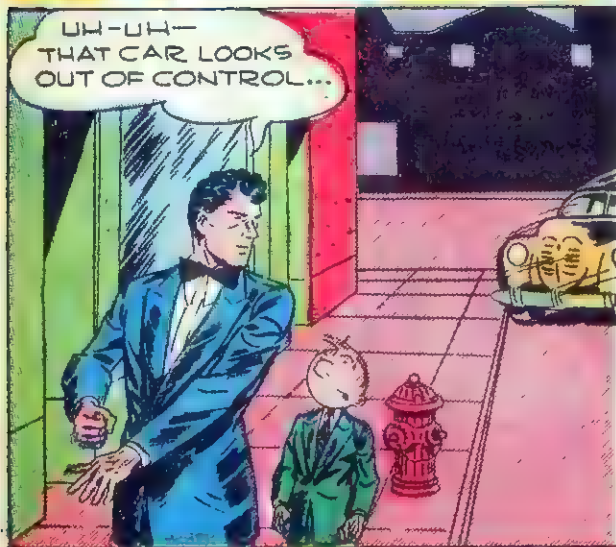
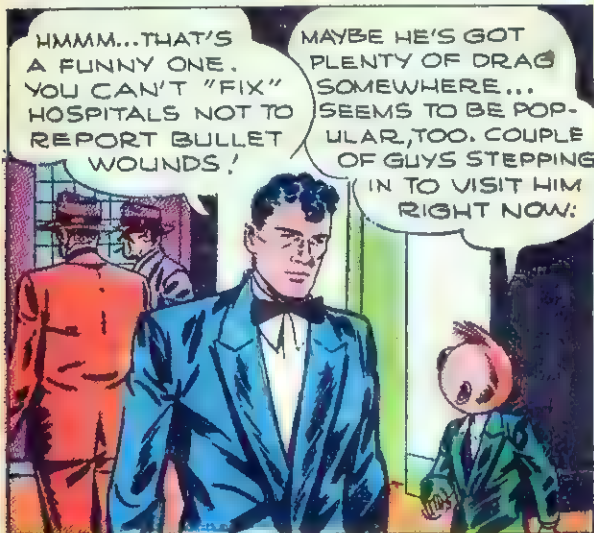
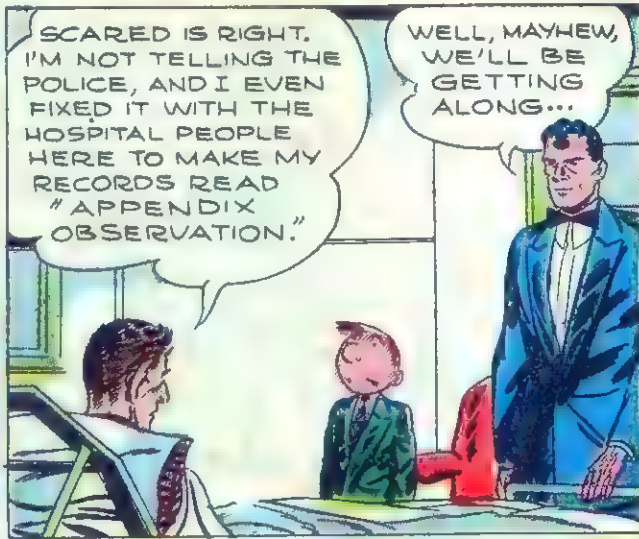
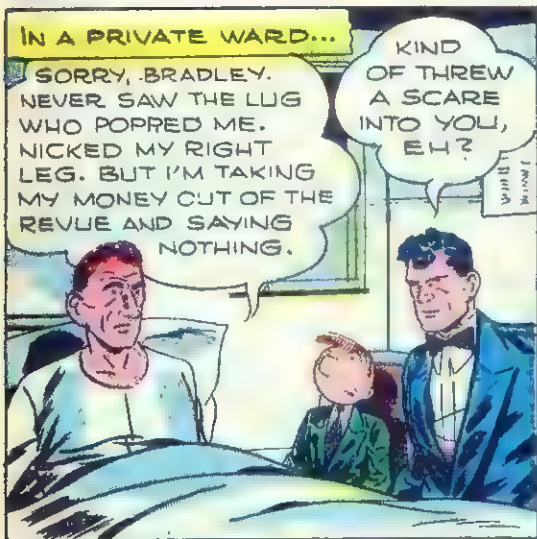
OKAY, SLAM, BUT I'M PLENTY JUMPY! RE-HEARSALS ARE ALL SET TO START AT THE OLD BOARDED-UP GALAXY THEATER.

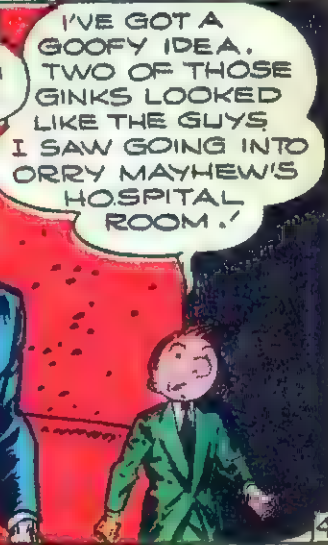
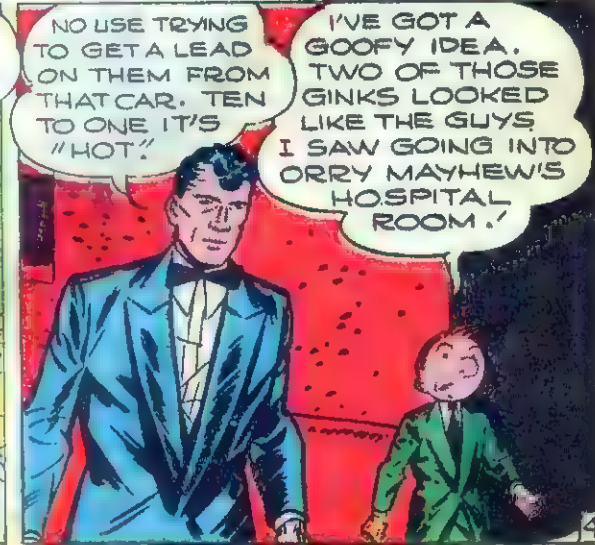
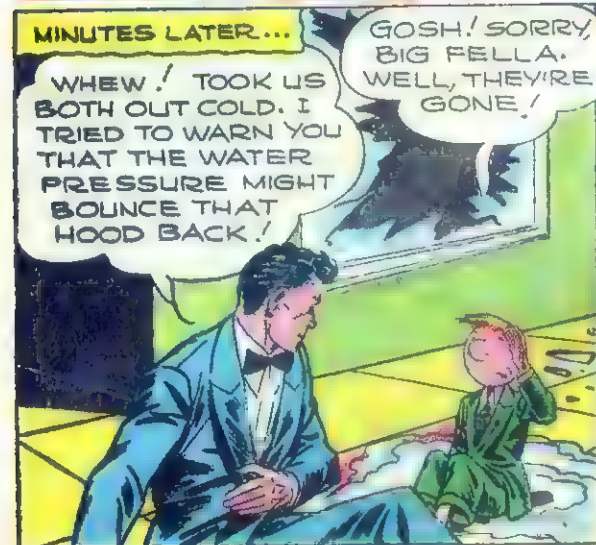
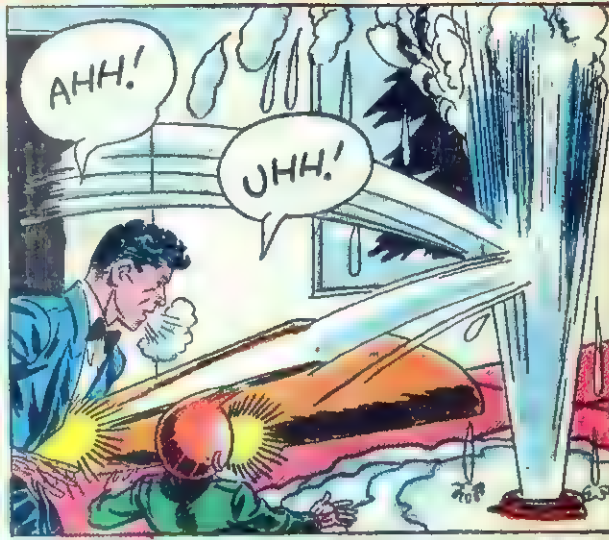
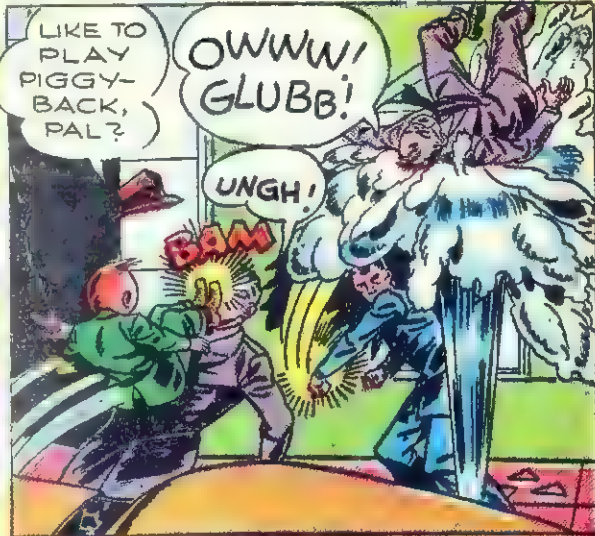
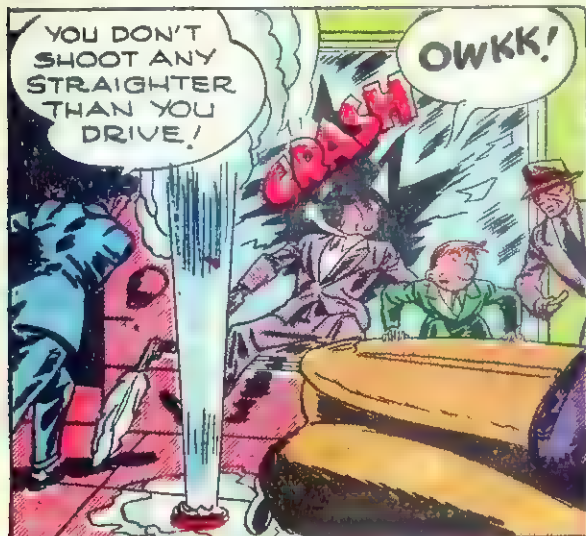


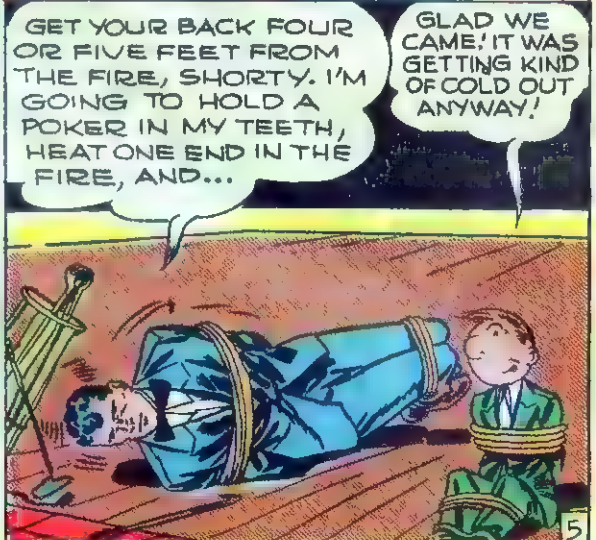
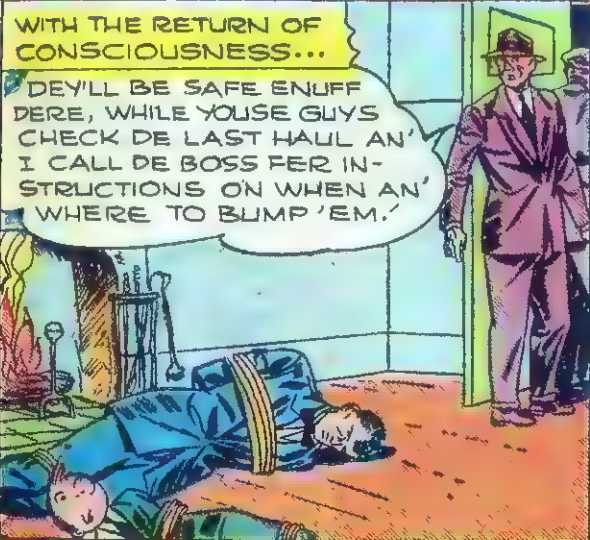
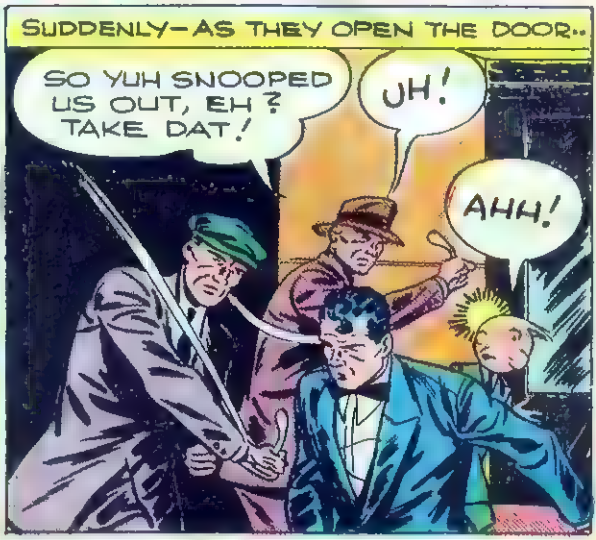
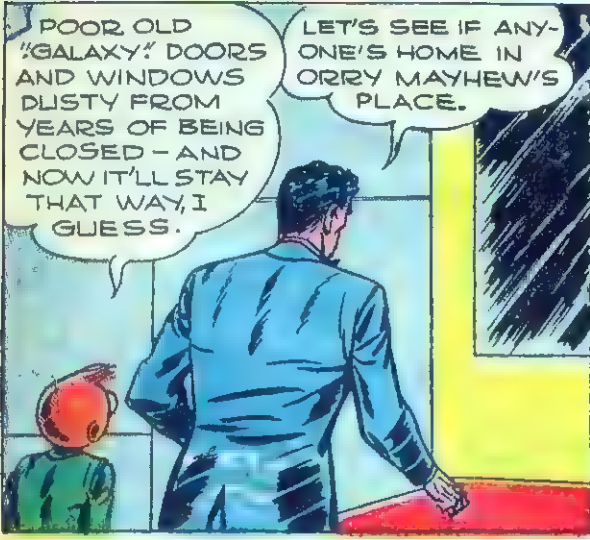
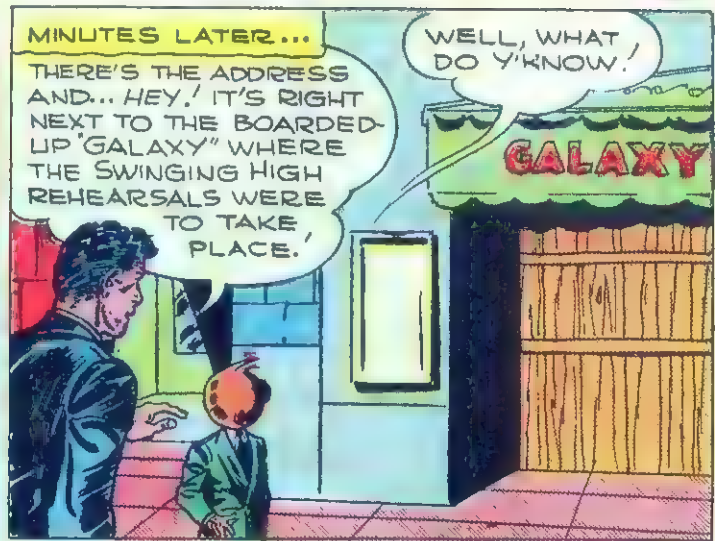
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, MAN-MOUNTAIN?

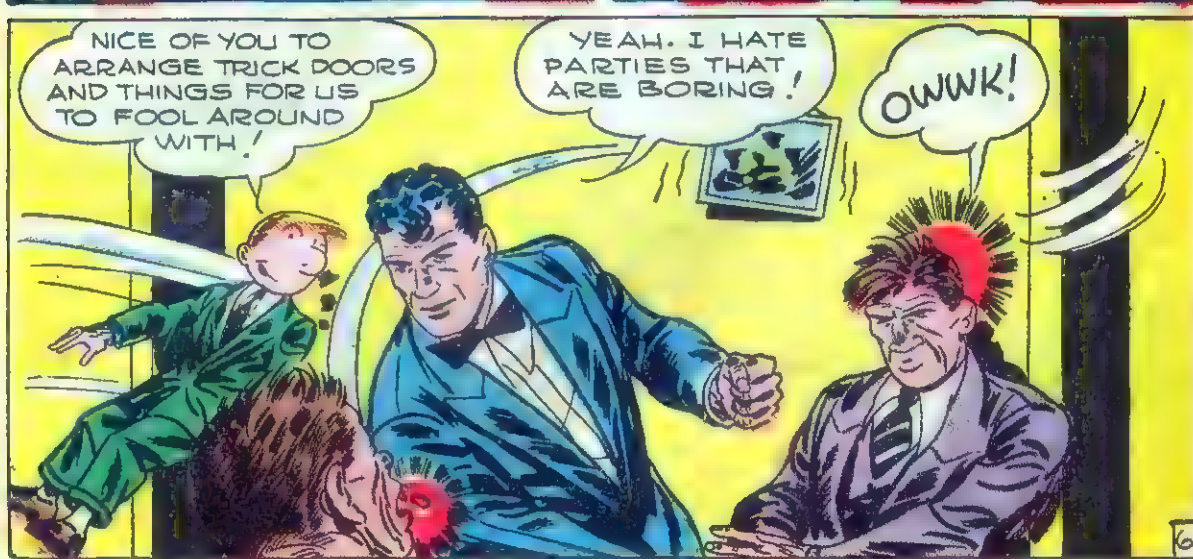
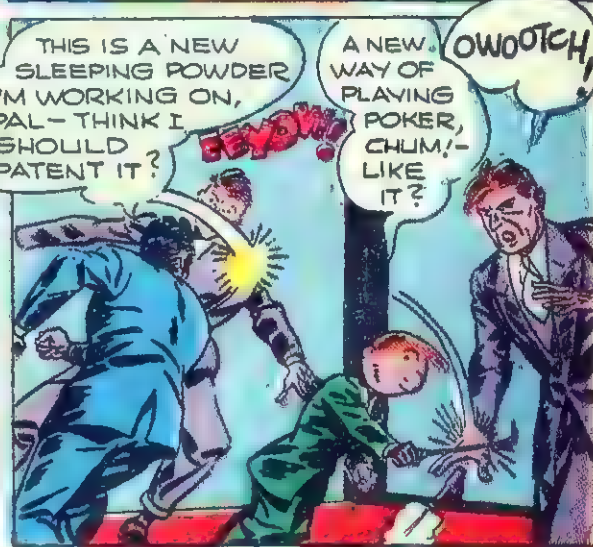
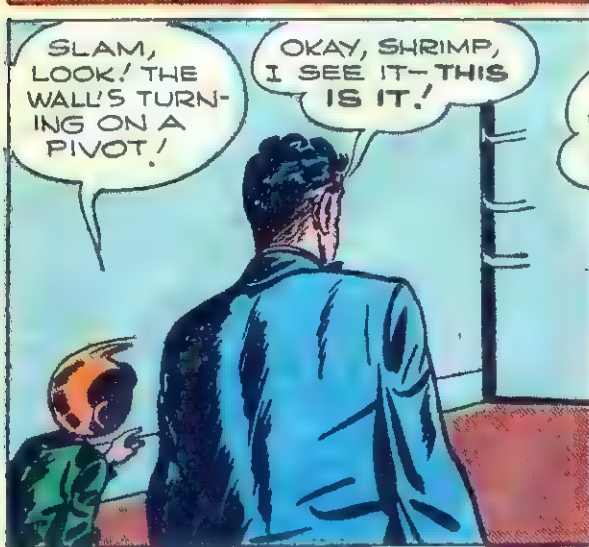
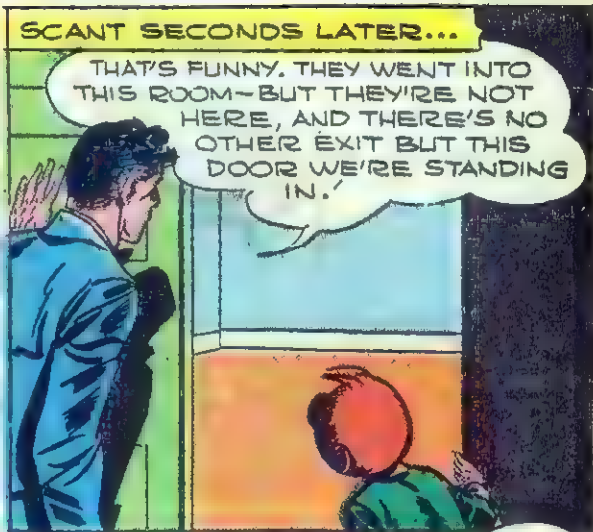
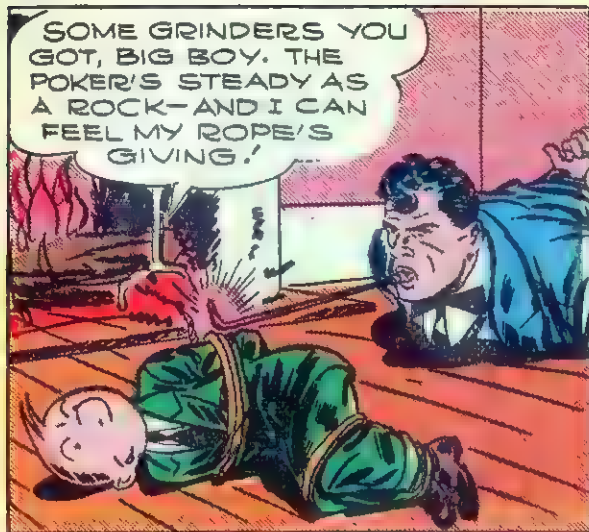
SEARCH ME, MIDGET. BUT MAYBE MAYHEW CAN GIVE US A LEAD.

CENTER HOSPITAL

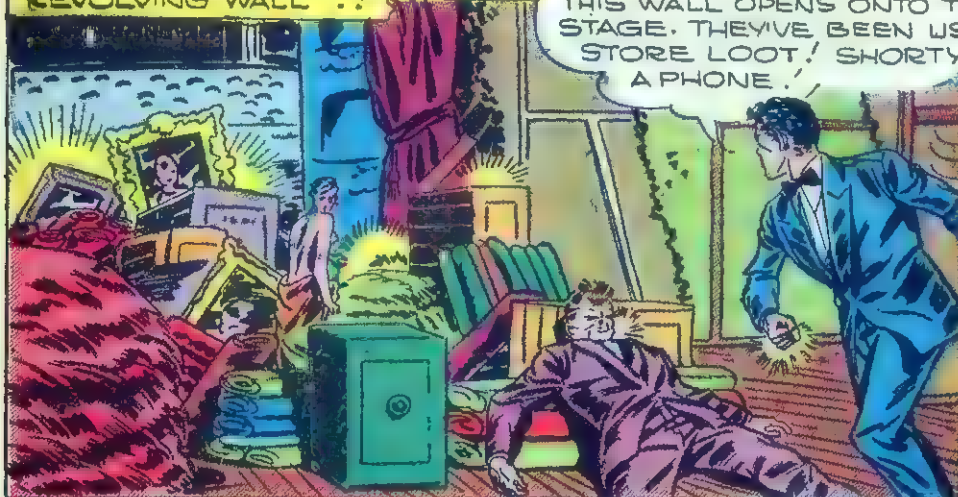








THEN... ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE REVOLVING WALL..!



AND THIS FINISHES IT... WOW! THIS WALL OPENS ONTO THE "GALAXY" STAGE. THEY'VE BEEN USING IT TO STORE LOOT! SHORTY, FIND A PHONE..!

SOME TIME LATER...

OKAY, SLAM, WE BROUGHT ORRY LIKE YOU SAID, HE WASN'T WOUNDED. SIMPLY HAD GONE TO THE HOSPITAL FAKING PAINS IN HIS SIDE!

ORRY HERE IS BOSS OF THIS GANG. THEY USED THIS THEATER TO STORE LOOT, BY RIGGING A SECRET ENTRANCE...



WHEN HE HEARD ABOUT THE PLACE OPENING AGAIN, HE BOUGHT STOCK IN THE SHOW, SENT THREATS TO ALL STOCK-HOLDERS INCLUDING HIMSELF, THEN LET OUT THAT HE WAS WOUNDED TO MAKE THE SCARE GOOD!

GOOD WORK, SLAM AND SHORTY!



AND BACK AT THE RESTAURANT..

SO THAT WAS HOW ORRY WORKED IT, GEORGE. HIS SAYING THE HOSPITAL WAS "FIXED" IS WHAT TIPPED ME OFF! YOU CAN'T FIX HOSPITALS!

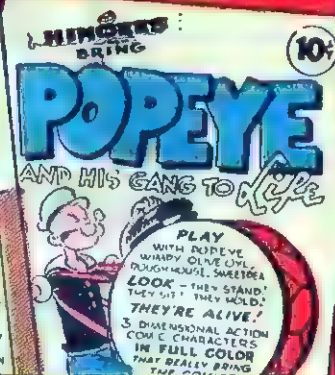
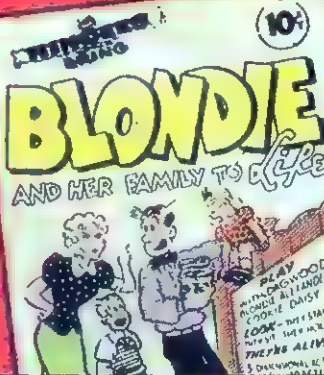
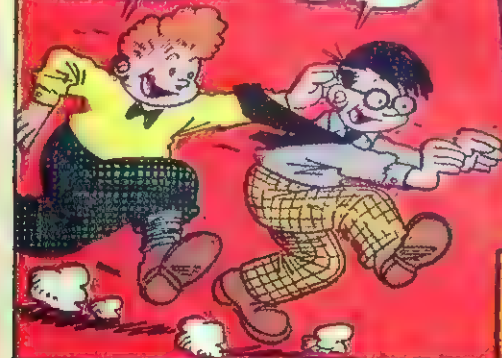
SWELL GOING, FELLOWS. ORDER ANYTHING I'VE GOT AND TEAR UP THE CHECK. ALSO THERE'LL BE A SEASON TICKET FOR YOU WHEN THE SHOW OPENS.

COME ON, SLAM, LET'S START ORDERING!



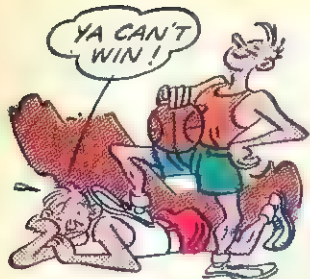
COME ON! LETS HURRY AND GET SOME OF THOSE BIG HINGEES ENVELOPES!

YOU BET! HINGEES BRING THE COMICS TO LIFE!



THEY'RE COLORFUL! THEY MOVE! THEY'RE TERRIFIC! GROWNUPS GET A KICK OUT OF THEM, TOO!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE 10¢



IN 27 YEARS COACHING AT CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK, HOLMAN TEAMS HAVE WON 294 GAMES

Nat HOLMAN

"GENERALLY ACKNOWLEDGED THE GREATEST PLAYER AND COACH IN THE HISTORY OF BASKETBALL," SAYS THE NEW YORK POST

SURE, AN' HE'S A GREAT BOY

KEE-RECT!

HOLMAN CAPTAINED THE NEW YORK CELTICS - KNOWN AS THE GREATEST BASKETBALL TEAM OF ALL TIME. LATER STARRED WITH THE CHICAGO BRUINS

ON RETIREMENT AS PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BASKETBALL COACHES, HOLMAN WAS AWARDED A TROPHY AS THE MAN HAVING DONE MOST FOR THE GAME

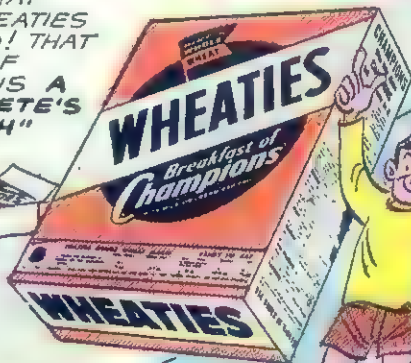
IT'S FULL OF WHEATIES, TOO

SWELL EATING!

"A BIG BOWLFUL OF WHEATIES - 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS' - WITH MILK AND FRUIT GIVES YOU VALUABLE NOURISHMENT," SAYS CHAMPION, NAT HOLMAN. "AND WHEATIES TASTE GOOD, TOO! THAT 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS' IS A REAL ATHLETE'S DISH"

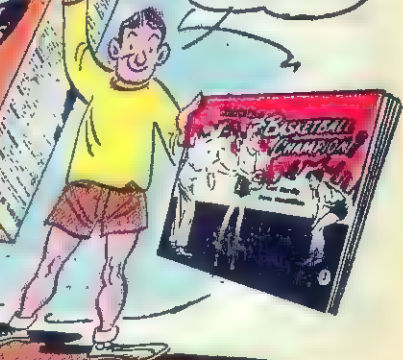


LEARN HOW TO PLAY CHAMPION BASKETBALL IN WHEATIES NEW BOOK "WANT TO BE A BASKETBALL CHAMPION?" SEE YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR COPY... AND LEARN ABOUT 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS



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GET YOUR COPY





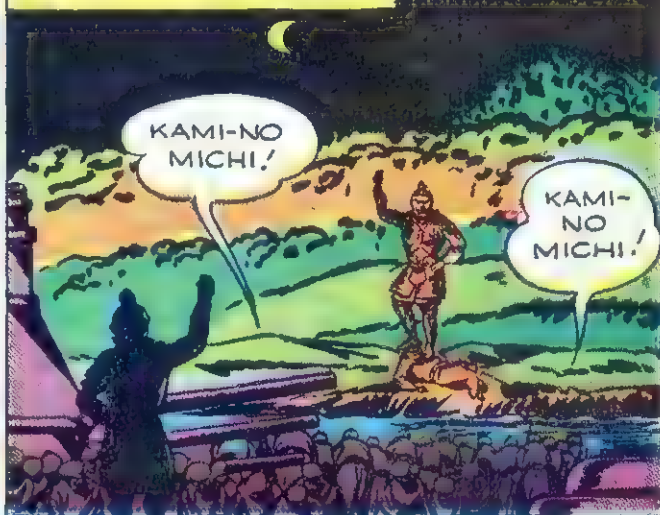
IT'S AN OLD SHINTO CUSTOM... THE JAPS TAKE A BOW AND SAY A PRAYER TO THEIR GODS OF WAR BEFORE THEY PASS OUT TO THE OPEN SEA OFF SOERABAYA. MAYBE IT HELPS AND MAYBE IT DOESN'T. BUT ONE DARK NIGHT, OUT OF THE SILENT WATERS, COME THE **BOY COMMANDOS**, WHO DON'T BELIEVE IN JAP LUCK OR BRASS IDOLS. THEY RELY ON THEMSELVES, AND THAT SURE MAKES IT TOUGH FOR THE ENEMY!

BY JOE SIMON & JACK KIRBY

THROUGH THIS CHANNEL AT SOERABAYA, SHIPS PASS OUT TO SEA ...



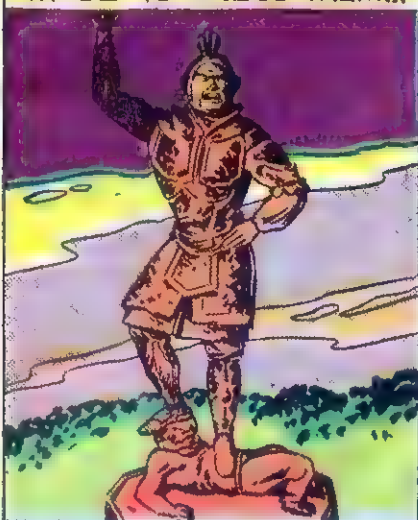
JAP SHIPS OF WAR... TRANSPORTS AND MERCHANTMEN... SAIL OUT BETWEEN TWO WAR-GODS TO WHICH THE NIPPONESE PRAY AS THEY PASS...



KAMI-NO MICH!

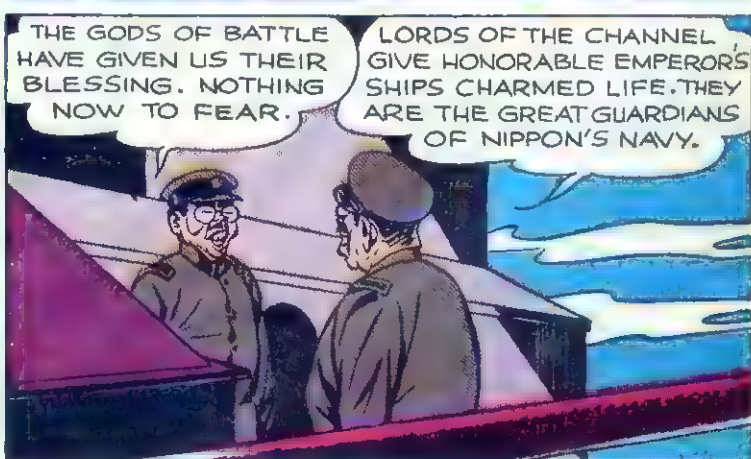
KAMI-NO MICH!

THEY ASK WAR GODS LIKE THESE TO BLESS THEM...



THE GODS OF BATTLE HAVE GIVEN US THEIR BLESSING. NOTHING NOW TO FEAR.

LORDS OF THE CHANNEL GIVE HONORABLE EMPEROR'S SHIPS CHARMED LIFE. THEY ARE THE GREAT GUARDIANS OF NIPPON'S NAVY.



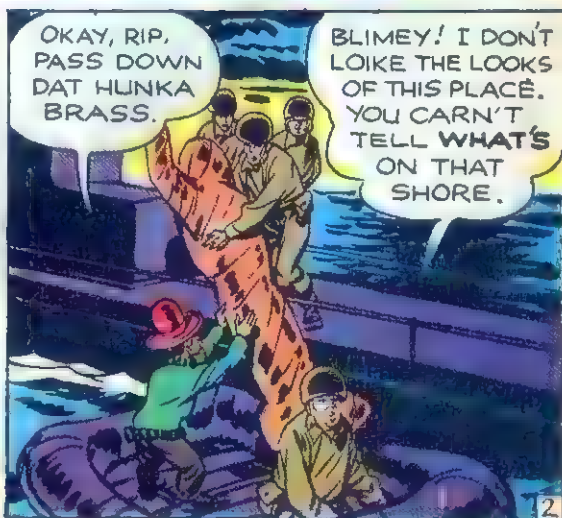
SOME TIME LATER, IN THE STILL DARKNESS OF A TROPICAL NIGHT, IN THE SAME CHANNEL AND BEFORE THESE VERY SAME GODS...

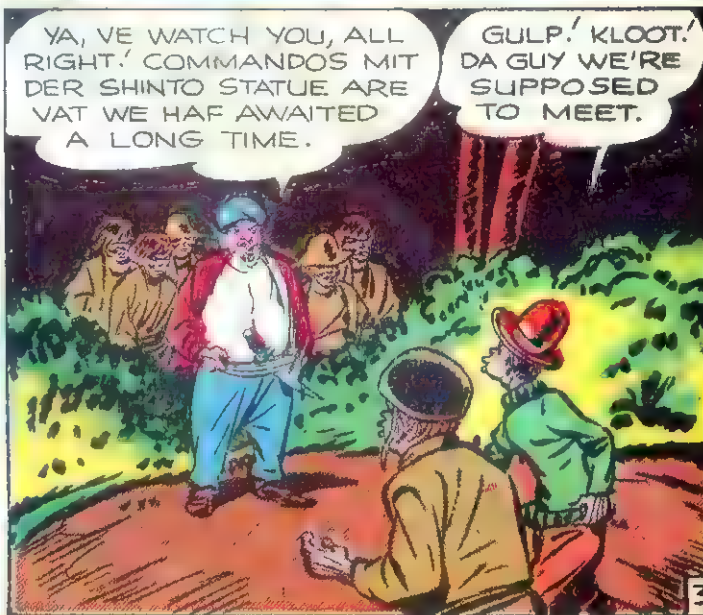
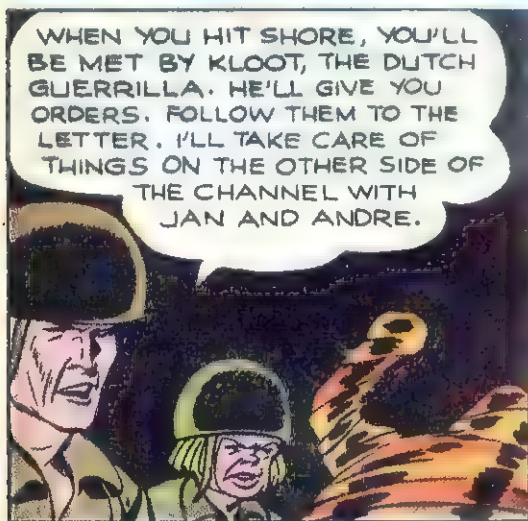
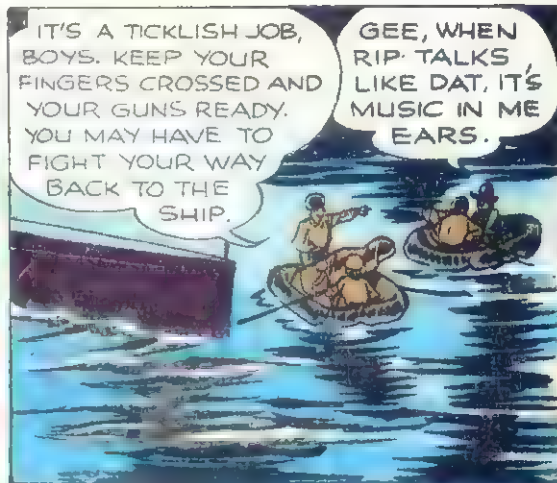


SHHH... NO NOISE! LOWER AWAY!

OKAY, RIP, PASS DOWN DAT HUNKA BRASS.

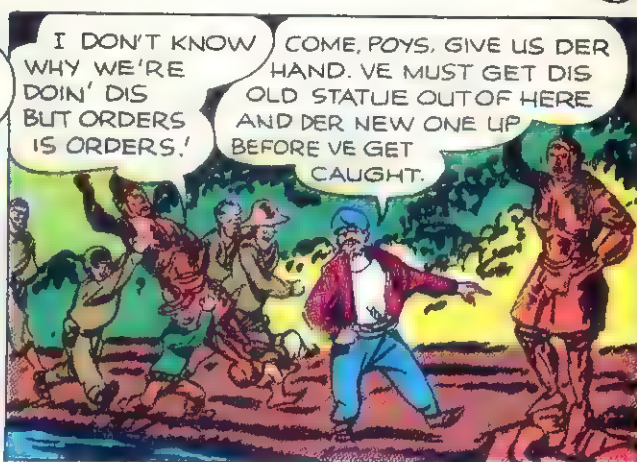
BLIMEY! I DON'T LOIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS PLACE. YOU CARN'T TELL WHAT'S ON THAT SHORE.





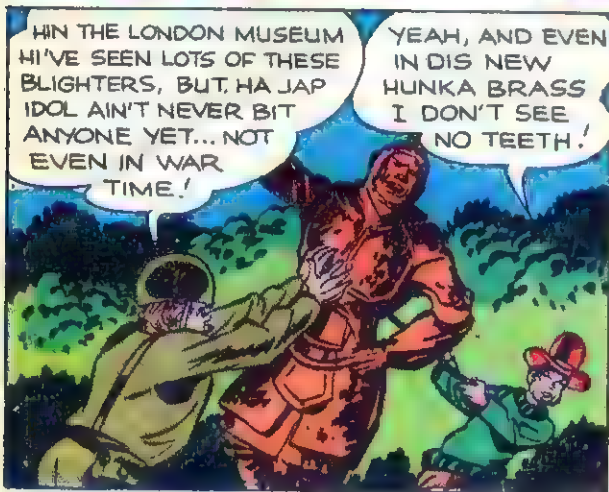


IT IS PERFECT! JUST WHAT I ORDERED! NEVER IN HIS LIFE HAS PETER KLOOT HAD A BETTER IDEA.



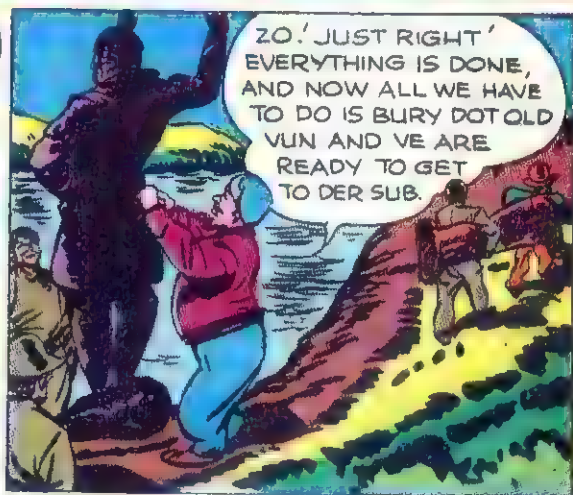
I DON'T KNOW WHY WE'RE DOIN' DIS BUT ORDERS IS ORDERS!

COME, POYS, GIVE US DER HAND. VE MUST GET DIS OLD STATUE OUT OF HERE AND DER NEW ONE UP BEFORE VE GET CAUGHT.



WIN THE LONDON MUSEUM HI'VE SEEN LOTS OF THESE BLIGHTERS, BUT HA JAP IDOL AIN'T NEVER BIT ANYONE YET... NOT EVEN IN WAR TIME!

YEAH, AND EVEN IN DIS NEW HUNKA BRASS I DON'T SEE NO TEETH!



ZO! JUST RIGHT! EVERYTHING IS DONE, AND NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS BURY DOT OLD VUN AND VE ARE READY TO GET TO DER SUB.

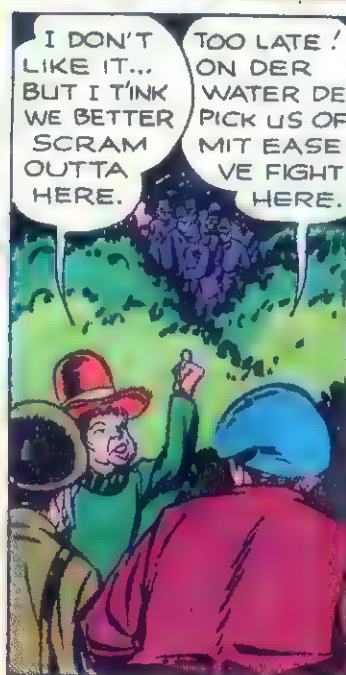


A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HURRY, VE MUST BE OFF...

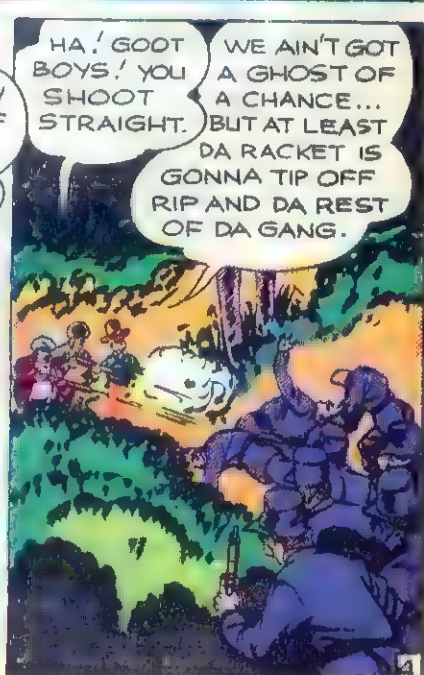
HALT!

HERE DEY COME! DA JAPS!



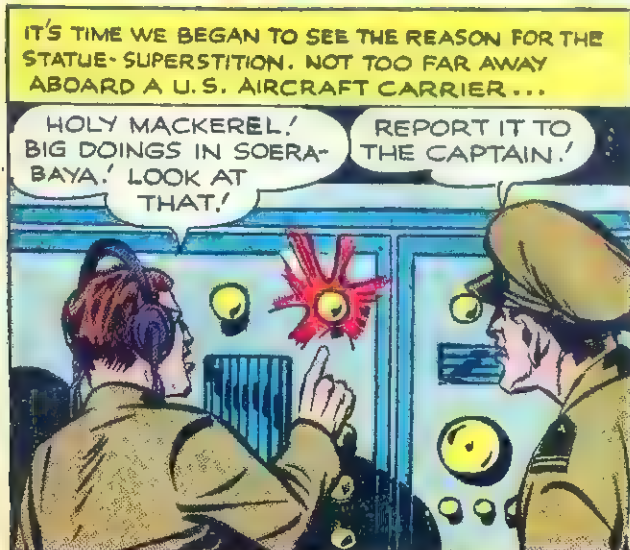
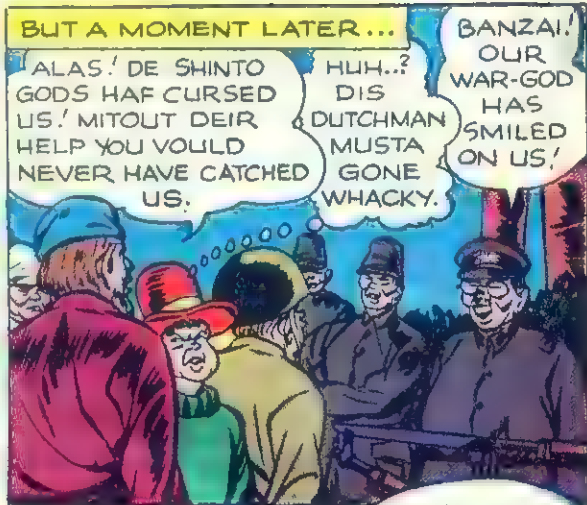
I DON'T LIKE IT... BUT I TINK WE BETTER SCRAM OUTTA HERE.

TOO LATE! ON DER WATER DEY PICK US OFF MIT EASE. VE FIGHT HERE.



HA! GOOT BOYS! YOU SHOOT STRAIGHT.

WE AIN'T GOT A GHOST OF A CHANCE... BUT AT LEAST DA RACKET IS GONNA TIP OFF RIP AND DA REST OF DA GANG.





MEANWHILE, IN SOERABAYA CHANNEL ITSELF...

WE HEARD SHOOTING! DID BROOKLYN AND ALFIE RETURN?

NO, SIR! AND WE CAN'T WAIT FOR THEM ANY LONGER.

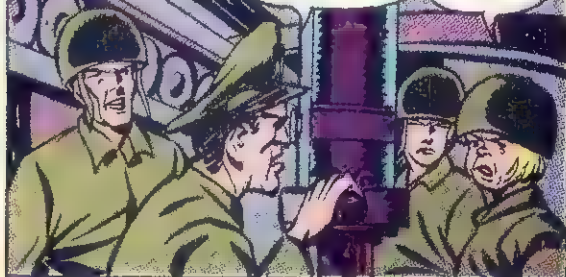
BUT WE CANNOT LEAVE OUR FRIENDS BEHIND!



ANY SIGN OF THEM, COMMANDER?

NONE, CAPTAIN CARTER. THE SHORE IS TOO DARK TO SEE. WE'LL HAVE TO SUBMERGE...

POOR BROOKLYN AND ALFIE!



WE'LL HAVE ONE MORE LOOK THROUGH THE PERISCOPE BEFORE WE LEAVE.

OUI-BUT EET EES NO USE, ZAT SHOOTING WE HEARD, ZAT WAS ZEE FINISH!



NO! BROOKLYN AND ALFIE ARE TAKING PUNISHMENT, BUT THEY'RE NOT FINISHED!

SO! YOU WILL NOT TELL US HOW YOU GET HERE! THEREFORE I TELL YOU... YOU DROPPED BY PARACHUTE.

I GUESS YOU GOT IT, PAL. DAT'S HOW WE COME, ALL RIGHT.

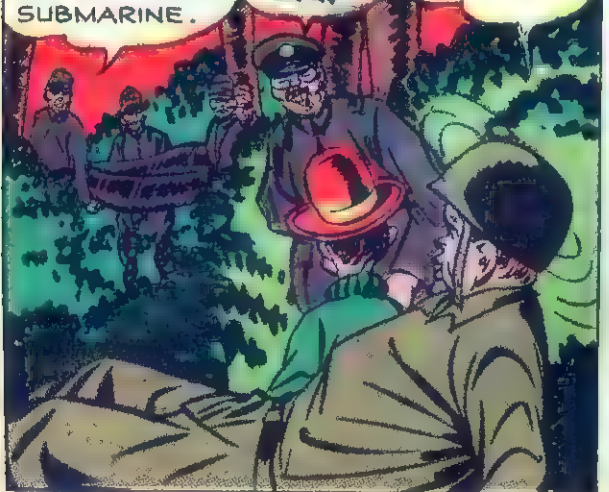


BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

WE FIND LIFE RAFT, HONORABLE CAPTAIN. THEY HAVE COME BY SUBMARINE.

SOOO... YOU HAVE LIED. FOR THAT YOU DIE!

HI SYE- WE'RE PRISONERS OF WAR... YOU CAN'T KILL US!



WE EXECUTE YOU AS SPIES! LITTLE ONE NOT IN UNIFORM. LOOK AT HAT!

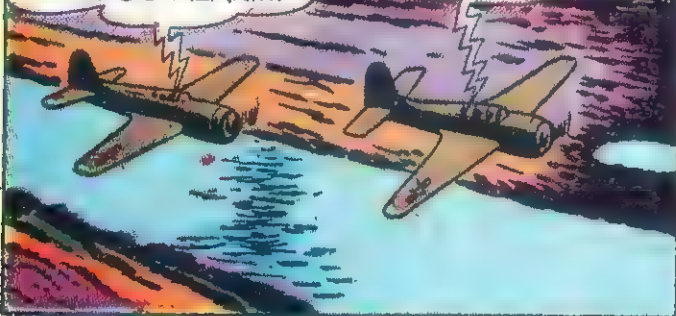
WHY, YA FLEA'S EAR! ANY DUNCE WOULD KNOW DIS DOBIE IS DA PRIDE AND JOY OF ME FOLLOWIN' IN BROOKLYN.



BUT EVEN AS THE BOYS PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR DEATH...

I DON'T SEE ANY SHIPPING BELOW, SKIPPER! I HOPE WE DIDN'T GET A FALSE ALARM.

I DON'T THINK SO! CIRCLE AROUND AND LOOK FOR ANYTHING MOVING!



AND IN THE SUBMARINE...

JUST ONE MORE LOOK, COMMANDER, BEFORE WE LEAVE THE CHANNEL.

IT'S ALL PRETTY DARK. I CAN'T SEE A THING, CAPTAIN.

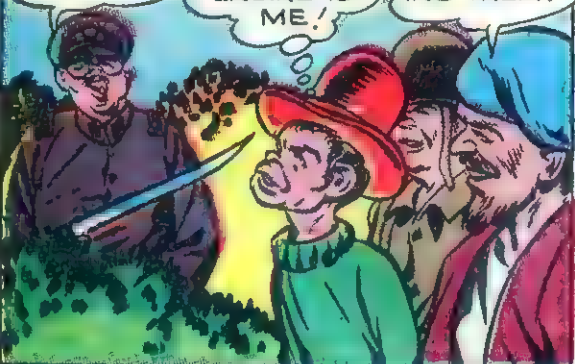


ON LAND...

PLANES! CAN THEY BE OURS?

DAT SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD AMERICAN ENGINE TO ME!

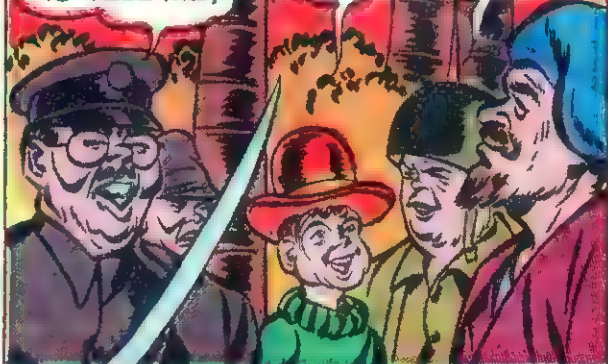
DER PLANES ARE AMERICAN! JA! I HAFF BEEN EXPECTING THEM!



AMERICAN PLANES? HOW DO YOU KNOW? I ORDER YOU TO TELL ME!

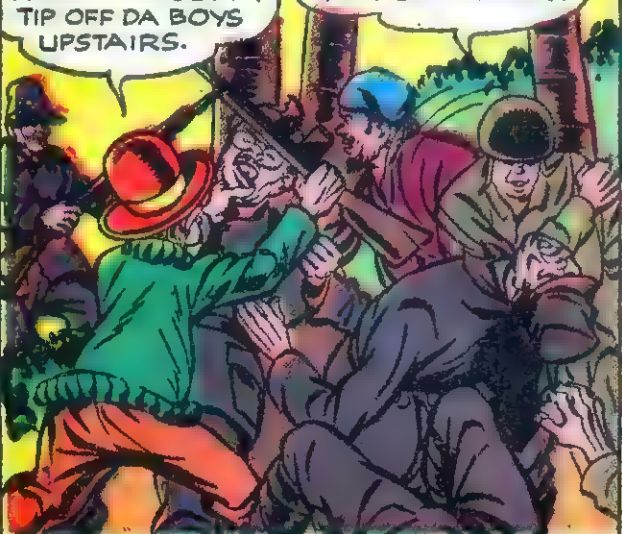
OUR PLANES, ALFIE! GET IT?

RIGHTO! WOT H'ARE WE WAITING FOR?



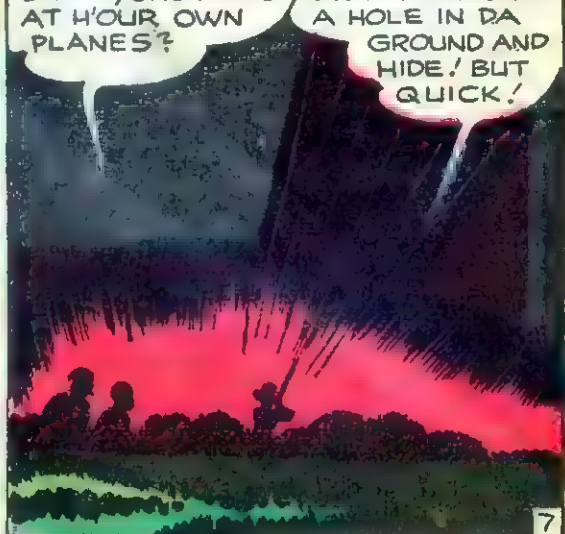
IT'S NOW OR NEVER! WE GOTTA TIP OFF DA BOYS UPSTAIRS.

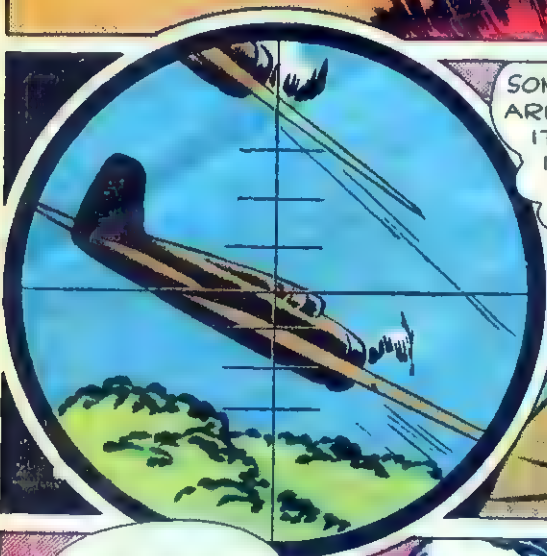
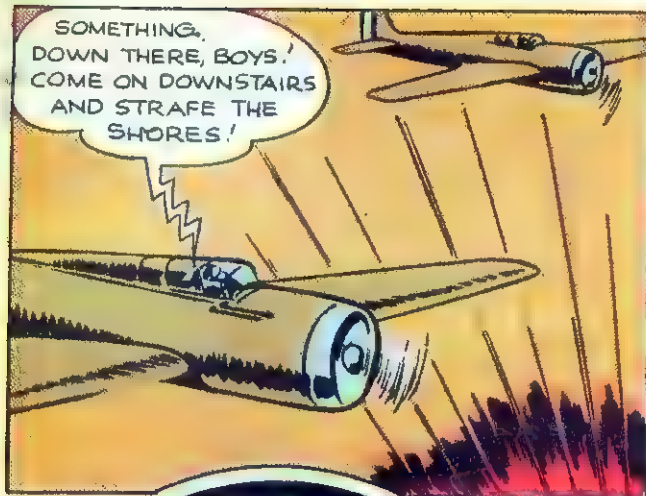
HYE GOTCHA, YOU BOUNDER.



'AVE YER GONE BALMY, SHOOTING AT H'OUR OWN PLANES?

NEVER MIND DAT! GRAB YOURSELVES A HOLE IN DA GROUND AND HIDE! BUT QUICK!

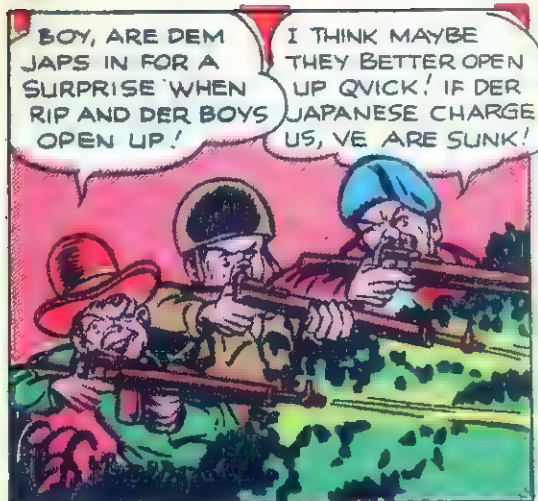




SOMETHING ELSE - OUR PLANES ARE STRAFING THE JAPANESE! IT'S A GOOD TIME FOR A COM-MANDO RAID - TO SEE IF BROOKLYN AND ALFIE ARE STILL ALIVE!

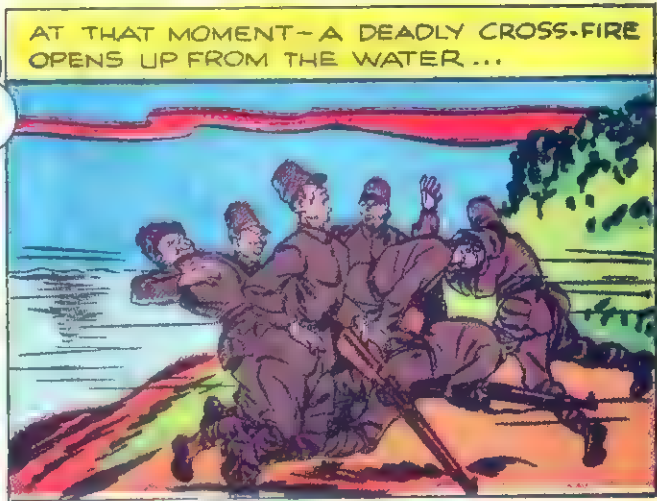
MAIS, OUI! WHAT DO WE WAIT FOR?





BOY, ARE DEM JAPS IN FOR A SURPRISE WHEN RIP AND DER BOYS OPEN UP!

I THINK MAYBE THEY BETTER OPEN UP QUICK! IF DER JAPANESE CHARGE US, VE ARE SUNK!



AT THAT MOMENT-A DEADLY CROSS-FIRE OPENS UP FROM THE WATER...



MINUTES LATER...

NICE GOIN', BOYS. WE NEEDED A LITTLE HELP ON DIS JOB.

BROOKLYN! ALFIE!

ZEY ARE SAFE!



SOITINLY WE'RE SAFE! WHAT DIDJA EXPECT?

CUT IT SHORT, KIDS. WE AREN'T OUT OF THIS YET!



YEAH, BUT I FER ONE AIN'T FERGETTIN' WHICH SIDE ME BREAD IS BUTTERED ON. MR. SHINTO AIN'T MUCH GOOD TO DA JAPS, BUT HE SURE BROUGHT US LUCK!



I'LL GIVE HIM A FEW BOWS MYSELF!

COME BACK HERE, YOU DUNDER-HEAD!



I FIX YOU!

BLUB!
GLUB!

HEY! WHAT GOES? I RESENTS DA ROUGH STUFF.

SO DER LIDDLE BROOKLYN THINKS DOT DER SHINTO GOD IS LUCKY, DOES HE? VELL, HE IS CORRECT...

DER STATUES ARE WHAT BROUGHT DER PLANES HERE AND MADE US DER RESCUE. VHY ELSE DO YOU THINK DOT I COAX DER JAPS IN FRONT OF DER BEAM IN MR. SHINTO'S EYE?

SO DAT'S DA GAG! WHY DIDN'T YA TELL ME IN DA FOIST PLACE?

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A VERY CLOSE SECRET, BOYS. BUT NOW THAT YOU KNOW THIS MUCH, YOU MIGHT AS WELL LEARN THE WHOLE THING. THIS STATUE AND THE ONE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHANNEL CONTAIN ELECTRIC-CELL EYES...

AND WHEN ANYTHING BREAKS THE BEAM BETWEEN THE TWO EYES, A RADIO SIGNAL IS SENT OUT AUTOMATICALLY TO ONE OF OUR CARRIERS. ORDINARILY, NOTHING BUT A SHIP WOULD BREAK THE BEAM.

MIT IT VE SHALL SINK MANY SHIPS DAT PASS OUT OF DER SOERABAYA NAVAL BASE. GOOT, EH?

AND NOW DIS CRAZY BROOKLYN WHANTS TO CALL OUT DER WHOLE NAVY AND GET US SHOT AND DER SUB SUNK. DOT WOULD NOT BE SO LUCKY. HA, HA, HA!

OKAY, DA LAUGH'S ON ME! LOOK AT HIM! HE'S BUSTIN' ALL DA BUTTONS IN HIS SHIRT LAUGHIN'!

THE END

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BANG!

BANG!

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DAISY

CHATTERMATIC

HARMLESS!



\$1.00
PLUS 10c
POSTAGE
SORRY—
NO CANADIAN SHIPMENTS

This new, improved DAISY CHATTERMATIC is America's most famous sub-machine play gun. (NOT an air rifle.) Safe, thrilling fun. Shoots "NOISE"—and plenty of it! CHATTERMATIC has realistic handgrip, round machine-gun style magazine. Jet black barrel. Natural wood-finish stock, patriotic VICTORY INSIGNIA. Turn firing crank... feel that easier, smoother "shooting action"... hear that exciting "Rat-Tat-Tat-Tat!" Sturdy, all-wood construction. It's the best—a DAISY! Ask your folks to mail only \$1 plus 10c for postage-handling direct to Daisy now!

Attention PARENTS!

Both Daisy play guns carry the Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. These harmless guns give satisfying noise to children 4 to 11 years old. Superior DAISY quality, durability, craftsmanship. Order DIRECT today. (Prices subject to change without notice.)



HOW TO ORDER

Order direct from Daisy. Send money order, check or cash, being sure to include amount requested for postage. Orders shipped promptly postpaid. Return for refund if not satisfied.

ORDER NOW ON THIS COUPON!

The Supply Is Limited—Rush Your Order Now!
DAISY MFG CO., 501 Union St., Dept. 5, Plymouth, Michigan
Send postpaid the Daisy Play Guns checked below for which I enclose price plus postage-handling charge.

- ☐ DAISY CHATTERMATIC (\$1.00 plus 10c postage-handling charge).
- ☐ DAISY COMMANDO (\$1.50 plus 10c postage-handling charge).

NAME _____

ST. & NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(Please PRINT Name, Address Plainly—use margin space if necessary)

DAISY AIR RIFLES

—will be available after war—Bulls Eye Shot, too!

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., 501 Union St., Dept. 5, Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.



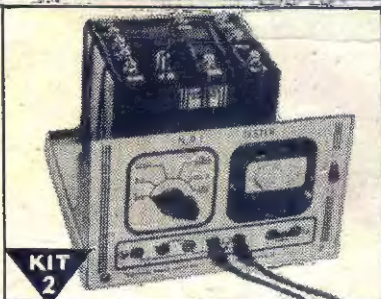
I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



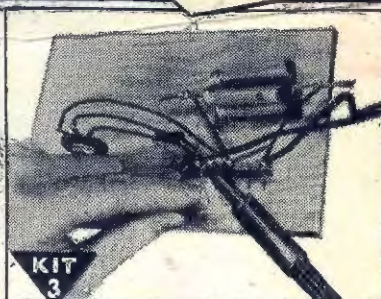
KIT 1

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



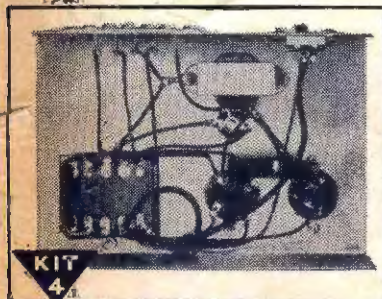
KIT 2

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



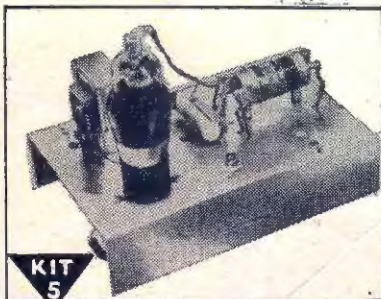
KIT 3

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



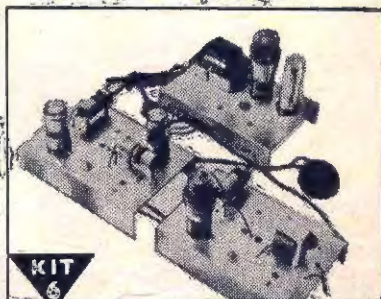
KIT 4

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

Future for Trained Men is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics

The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in

Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming when new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television, FM, Electronics, can be offered to the public!

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make

EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. MAIL COUPON for sample lesson and 64-page book FREE. It's packed with facts about opportunities for you. Read about my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. MAIL COUPON in envelope or paste on penny postal.

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6AB9,
National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home
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Good for Both - FREE

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.**

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

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TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS
FREQUENCY MODULATION**



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"Clancy, I think you done that on purpose!"

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Naturally, they're still on the job with the Armed Forces—but there are plenty for civilian use, as well.

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